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IRISH SCENES,
EIGHTEEN YEARS AGO:
1825

BEING THE
JOURNAL OF A VISIT TO THAT COUNTRY;

NOW PUBLISHED WITH A VIEW OF
AFFORDING SOME ADDITIONAL RELIEF TO THE
STARVING POOR OF IRELAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
“TRUTH WITHOUT NOVELTY,” “THE FIRST COM-
MUNION,” “THE GUIDING STAR,”
AND OTHER TALES.

WITH A PREFACE,
BY THE REV. FRANCIS TRENCH.

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P R E F A C E.

THE appearance of this small volume originated with the desire of obtaining, by its publication, some additional means of extending relief to the suffering and starving poor of that very country, to which its pages refer. No less a period than eighteen years has elapsed since the excursion, here briefly narrated, took place. The manuscript, now transformed into print, remained quietly on its shelf from the time of its composition and perusal by relatives and friends until this present year, when the authoress was led to consider, whether, among the many and various means so generally and liberally devised for Ireland by the Christian spirit of this country, the publication of a narrative like this might not take its appropriate place,

and prove instrumental towards the grand and imperative object of feeding many starving poor, through those profits which may result, under God's blessing, from its favourable acceptance.

A few words now on the character of this little work. It assumes to be nothing more than a selection from the journal of the writer, when visiting Ireland, at the period above-mentioned, in the company of her brother, whose health required some intermission from pastoral duties. The travellers, as it will be seen, had an advantage, not always enjoyed, of finding themselves among their own personal friends and acquaintances, immediately on their arrival in the scenes new to them, and in their subsequent excursions to many parts of the country which they visited. Their expedition was prolonged to Scotland, but it has not seemed expedient to increase the size of this volume by the extension of the narrative to that part of the realm. As so frequently occurs, whether it may be apparent in such works or not, the materials of the volume are drawn from a series of letters, sent to relations in

England, and giving a detailed account of matters generally interesting.

The author of this short Preface has had the gratification of reading these letters at full length ; and though much has been omitted here, in itself of an interesting character, still the selection appears to him as having been very judiciously made, both as to matter and to quantity. He has himself been a traveller in several of those localities, which are here described, and therefore he can answer, without hesitation, for the fidelity of the account given. In addition to this, from having been a resident in Ireland during two years, and from constant communication with various classes in that country, he can bear his general testimony to the substantial truth, as well as to the graphic and lively accuracy, with which many points of national character are touched upon and brought to light in the following pages. Moreover, as one intimately connected with Ireland, he holds it a privilege to add this humble contribution to the work, and should feel truly thankful if it furthered, in the slightest degree, the good and Christian object, on

account of which, exclusively, it now appears.

The awful and agonizing details relative to Irish misery, as exhibited in the terrific features of starvation, and pestilence, and death, are now so thoroughly known throughout Great Britain, and, indeed, throughout the whole world, that any additional statements of this kind are perfectly needless here. Appeals, too, of all sorts, have been so various, so multiplied, and so forcible, that any fresh exhortations, addressed to Christian love, benevolence, and self-denial, would only be repetitions of that which has been heard sounding and penetrating through every parish, and *almost* through every home of this land. The writer of this preface will therefore abstain from any narrative of miseries so thoroughly known, and from any attempt at moving appeals, such as those alluded to above. His object will be fully obtained, if each reader of the work now in his hands, will promote its circulation, if approved, with the practical remembrance, that by so doing, he will be instrumental in feeding the hungry, and in assuaging the

pangs of disease. And may the appearance of the volume cause those into whose hands it may come just to pause, for a few minutes, while they recur, in mind and in heart, to some few only of those fearful accounts, which, from time to time, have been brought to their notice during the last few months. Let them remember the *reality* of these things, as being facts of most appalling prevalence even still ! And then let them proportion their efforts for the *mitigation* of such deep and such vast calamities, still ravaging whole districts of life, still confounding all attempts at their prevention, and still sweeping vast parishes, larger in population than the whole town from whence this volume emanates, with fierce and wide-spread-
ing desolation !

The word *mitigation* is here used advisedly. “Est quiddam prodire tenus,” &c., is a principle not less trite than sound, tenable, and worthy of all acceptation. “She hath done what she could,” is the infallible word of our blessed Lord and Saviour, as to His estimation of a certain good work. The writer of this preface will not presume to pass any judg-

ment upon others. He will not take upon himself to say that *any* means which human skill could possibly have devised, or national munificence applied, could have prevented starvation and death in Ireland. *We*, at all events, are not responsible, as individuals, for the *prevention* of the woes which the present visitation has so fearfully brought in its train. But there is *a* responsibility lying on each one of us. *We are* responsible for their *mitigation*, so far as depends on our exercise of liberality, or on our employment of any influence, talents, and means, whatsoever they may be, with which we are intrusted by GOD. England, as a nation, has reason to thank GOD that this responsibility has been so deeply and so widely felt through the length and breadth of the land. That the ravages of famine and the march of death have been abundantly stayed and mitigated, through the development of this feeling, and through its practical exemplification in the shape of bounty and relief forwarded to Ireland, is a matter of which no doubt can possibly exist. To question the fact would scarcely be more absurd than to treat of it,

as needing proof. Christian benevolence has done, and is doing, a great work, although the magnitude of the demand has been so enormous and unprecedented in its character, as to render the aid by no means commensurate with the wants of the vast population crying out for relief. Surely, the history of English charity, on the present occasion, would form in itself no uninteresting record ! While, of course, it would present the ample donations of the wealthy, some known, but many more unknown, more touching and instructive would that information be, bringing to light “the riches of liberality,” exercised in very many cases from very limited incomes ; noticing contributions, which, if not large in themselves, have been large when viewed in comparison with the rank and position of the donors ; sums saved by daily and continued self-denial, after a manner never exercised before ; gifts from children, from servants, from the labourers and mechanics of England, from soldiers, from sailors, from patients in hospitals, yes, even from prisoners in gaols—indeed, from all classes, and from individuals just in those very cir-

cumstances where there has been least to give, and yet the willing heart has devised and the willing hand has executed means in order to add *something* to that sacred fund destined to preserve life.

Neither, generally speaking, has the pulse of charity beat less warmly and less truly, although much has occurred which would have chilled and interrupted it, had it not been, in the main, under the influence of true scriptural principle. All sorts of depreciating narratives, relative to Irish character and to Irish proceedings, have been spread through the country. Some of these have been untrue, and some exaggerated ; although without doubt, whether as regards landlords, or whether as regards the poor, many things are going on, calculated, in themselves, to check extraneous efforts, were they only to be exercised in full complacency and undiminished satisfaction, as to the character and conduct of all those persons, who are benefitted, one way or other, by these means, or who receive the bounty forwarded for their use. The English people, too, have had to pass over, with pity and disregard, the base,

contemptible, and incoherent threats against them, as a nation, and as individuals, uttered by the voice of certain Irish demagogues, in language as hateful to all right-minded men on one side of the Channel as upon the other. Right feelings have prevailed ; and notwithstanding all the admitted difficulties in the way of adequately helping the sufferers in Ireland, and notwithstanding the provocations, which the English have received from *a party* in Ireland, mark—not from Ireland itself—still the stream of charity has been scarcely interrupted. The plea and fact of starvation has calmed all harsh sentiments, and put to silence all national recrimination, as exemplified in act and in deed. And, if some have wickedly excused themselves, from contributing to rescue life from the grasp of death, by blaming governments, or landlords, or demagogues, or the Irish peasantry themselves, yet, few have they been, in comparison with those multitudes who, casting all such thoughts to the winds, have done their duty, and fulfilled the privilege of Christian love, with no unfeeling heart, and no scanty hand.

May the same spirit and the same conduct be still maintained ; yes, be abundantly increased ! In the sight of man, and in comparison between man and man, many efforts have been quite remarkable ; many gifts truly munificent. But, in the sight of GOD, every one must confess and bewail his own deficiency and selfishness in this as in all other matters of the kind. The calamity is still prolonged. Let Christian liberality be prolonged in a commensurate degree ! Many gave largely a few months ago. But time has since passed on, and many in this wealthy country have now been again enriched with fresh means of doing good, as GOD has prospered them. So it has been with many of the wealthy. So it has been with many of more limited income. To each his portion has now safely come. Out of that portion let each one again liberally give ! Let none be forgetful of distributing, or weary in well-doing ! The famine and the pestilence still cry out with a tongue reaching heaven, “ Whoso hath this world’s goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth

the love of God in him?" "Let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."

These few prefatory remarks might have ended here. Nevertheless, the writer, as a minister of Christ, is unwilling to conclude even these brief observations without making, on a subject such as this, a more direct and express reference to Him, who openeth His hand and "filleth all things living with plenteousness," or, for a moment, in His wise purposes, shutteth it, and men die,—who upholds a nation in health and freedom from the wasting pestilence, or bids it go forth and destroy* countless multitudes. And yet

* Among all the means of mitigating and staying the effects of this calamity which God has enabled any residents in Ireland to execute and devise, none appear to the writer more suited to the wants of vast parishes, stretching over large portions of ground, but with few towns, villages, or residents, qualified to act as relievers of distress, than those measures, lately adopted in the parish of Schull, by the Rev. F. F. Trench, of Clogordan. His own parish being adequately provided with help, he made the offer of exerting himself in the locality just mentioned (the Rector of which, Dr. Traill, has just gone to his rest from the midst of those scenes of misery and those labours in which he met his

upon this subject,—on the famine, nationally speaking, *among us*,—so much has been spoken from pulpits, and written in every form, and rightly uttered by the lips of God's faithful people in the land, specially in connexion with that appointed *Day of Fasting and Humiliation, so lately and so duly kept throughout this whole realm, as to render it a needless thing to repeat here those admonitions and those reminiscences which have now taken their place in the feelings of all our countrymen who worship God in spirit and in truth. Thanks be to God, His Name has been abundantly proclaimed as a God near and not afar off,—as one who “worketh

death), and has succeeded in preserving life to a very great extent by the extension of eating-houses into the distant localities, where, with eleven helpers, he is now at work. Full details would have appeared in a small volume, already advertised, as “Three Days at Schull,” by the Rev. R. C. Trench, had it not been for the sickness of the writer, caught at the place in his self-devoted work.

* The return made to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, shows that the number of worshippers in every church, chapel, and place for Divine worship in the metropolis, was not less than 627,637.

hitherto" among the children of men, and without whom not a sparrow falls, far less can anything like famine and like pestilence, arise and prevail, or diminish and depart. Therefore, to one point, and to one point only, shall the reader be directed here. That is, to the claim and the appeal made at *this present moment* upon all, to unite heartily together, with faith and prayer, in beseeching God the Father Almighty, for the sake of His beloved Son, to be merciful unto our land and favourable unto the people. The *present moment* is one of unspeakable importance. The severity of the winter, now just ended, appears wonderfully calculated to effect the destruction of that blight, and of those countless animalculæ, which have been so observable for two or three seasons past. And now, just when required, the fertilizing showers fall, and all promises well. Nevertheless, a certain degree of waiting and suspense must of necessity prevail as to the ensuing produce of the earth. Scarcely can we form any adequate conjecture yet, whether the seed of one particular crop—the potato of course is

meant—has in it the taint of blight, or whether the germ of life be restored to health and vitality once more. Neither, indeed, can we foresee, or premise, as to that character which the general harvest will assume, either in Great Britain or throughout the world. It defies all imagination to calculate the mighty consequences, one way or other, which will attend the results. The present time, therefore, is just and truly the precise period in which to manifest faith without wavering, hope without despondency, and love without cold backwardness of trust in the mercy and goodness of our GOD. Let, then, the petition of our Litany not only be the formal language of our lips, used on the Sunday, and then laid by for the week, but let it be formed within us, as our constant, ever-ascending prayer, “That it may please Thee to give and preserve unto us the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them.” And let us look straight up to GOD for his blessing, *through* sun and showers, *through* dews and clouds, *through* the vernal breeze, and *through* the summer’s glow,

through all* human efforts, and *through* all human skill! Surely, if this be the spirit of God's faithful people, in Great Britain and in Christendom at large, we may expect,

* The writer of this Preface expects much benefit to Ireland from the measures of Poor-law Relief just introduced by Her Majesty's Government, although well aware of many risks and difficulties attending the measure. He cannot conceive any subject, of a material character, more deserving of attention at this moment, on the part of individuals of property and station in Ireland, than endeavours to induce the peasantry to adopt a species of *garden cultivation*, as seen in England, and, perhaps, still more on the Continent. Many valuable tracts written for this purpose, are well-known in Ireland, but personal labour and attention on the part of those possessing influence, must indeed be requisite, in order to effect any practical and permanent results.

With regard to *general* measures for remedying social evils prevalent on an estate, as to the management of land, and as to a most backward state of civilization, Lord George Hill's "*Facts from Gweedore*," a most interesting production, and costing only half-a-crown, presents a record of signal judgment, benevolence and success. The prevalent calamity has, of course, for the present, up-turned much, but that detracts nothing from the merit of the system pursued.

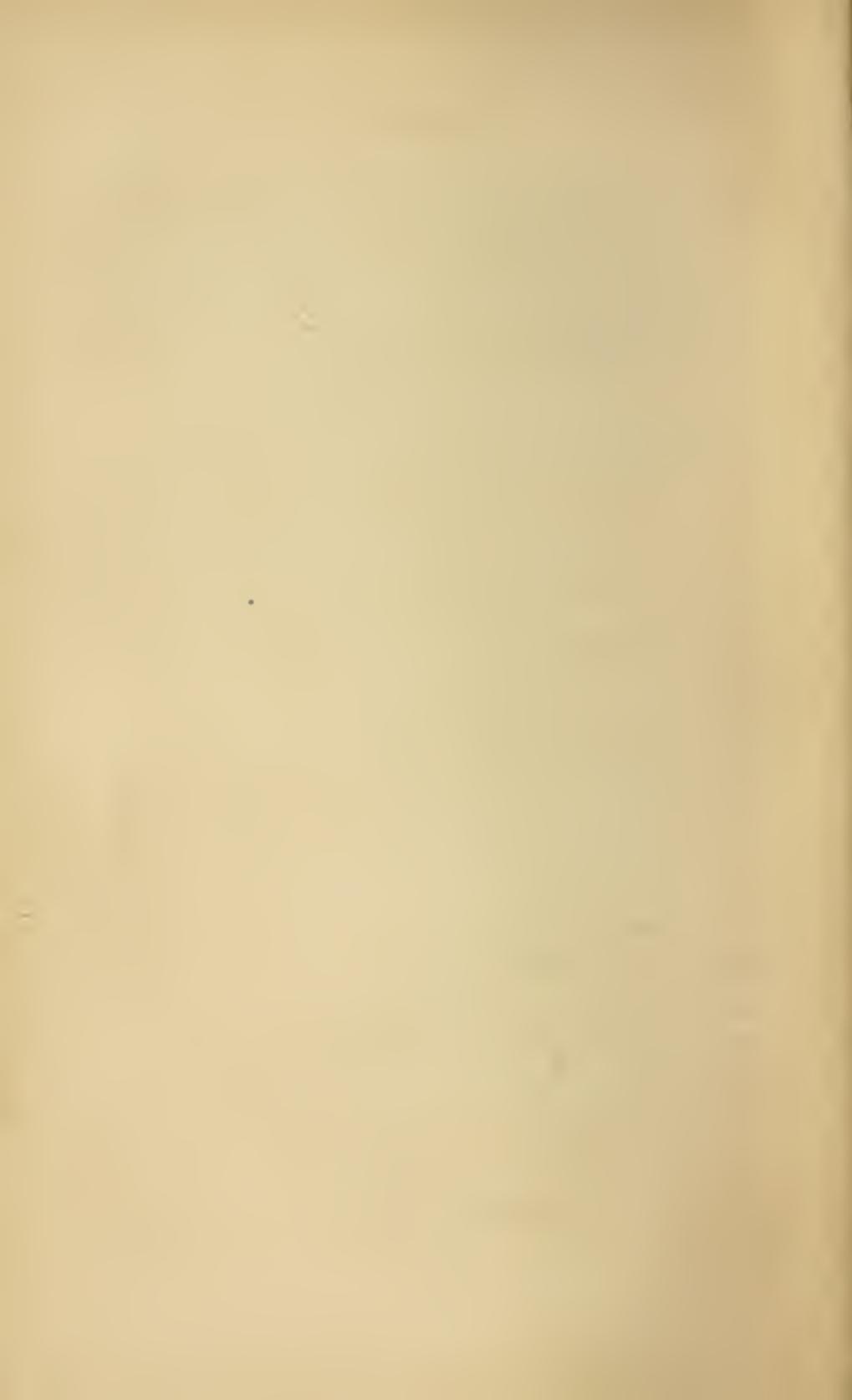
without limit or stint to our anticipations, that GOD Almighty, according to His gracious ways, will grant that His promise of old time, uttered to Jezreel, His seed and generation, may find its parallel with us too. “I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth ; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil ; and they shall hear Jezreel.”* Whereby the Spirit signifies, according to the grand inspired diction of the East, that *we* may look to the fruits and the crop, but *they* cannot answer us for good without the teeming earth ; neither can the earth help except by appealing to the sun, and the rain, and the sky ; neither can these material heavens avail anything at all, except by GOD’s hearing and commanding them ; but when this mighty link, joining GOD’s bountiful will to the wants and comfort of man, is thus perfect and complete, then the blessing is attained and sure. So let us trust in GOD, that He, “who once did suddenly in Samaria turn great scarcity and dearth into plenty,”† will crown *this* year with plenteousness—the work of

* Hosea ii. 21, 22.

† “Prayer in Time of Famine.”

judgment having done its part, and the work of mercy being renewed in its full glory and strength, through Jesus Christ, the one only Mediator, whether for nations, or for individuals, between God and man !

Reading, May 7th, 1847.



CHAPTER I.

THE ARRIVAL IN DUBLIN.

“ GOD of the winds ! O hear our pray’r,
Safe passage now bestow ;
Soft o’er the slumbering deep, may fair
And prosperous breezes blow ! ”

“ O’er the rough rock and swelling wave,
Do thou our progress guide !
Do thou from angry ocean save,
And o’er its rage preside.”

FITZGERALD’S ODE TO HIS SHIP.

THE 21st of April, 1829, we embarked on board the St. Patrick. The wind was rough, and the waves boisterous ; so that, even before day declined, all romantic notions about observing—

“ How bright beneath the moonbeam’s smile,
Each little billow heav’d its breast,”

had totally vanished ; and amidst the wild

encounter of the waves of the Atlantic, I was glad to retire to a sofa below, and even to bequeath the celebrated beauties of the bay of Dublin to my imagination only, which was none of the most brilliant at that moment.

On our arrival in Fitzwilliam-square, we found our friends preparing to attend a drawing-room at the Castle, and after having tried to smile for a few minutes at the contrast between our woe-begone appearance, and their gay courtly array, we gladly retired to rest, and hailed the coming darkness that called—

“Earth’s weary children to repose.”

I do not propose to dwell on the particulars of our short sojourn in the city of Dublin. It will suffice to say, that as strangers we visited with great interest all its public buildings and institutions ; took daily drives in its interesting environs ; and experienced so much of kind attention, generous hospitality, and cordial welcome amongst its agreeable and well-bred circles, that a pleasing and grateful remembrance of this pleasurable visit has mingled with all our subsequent thoughts

and feelings, as associated with that beautiful but now destitute and unhappy country.

Amongst the numerous public institutions visited by us, we were particularly interested by an inspection of the Royal Military School, in the Phœnix Park, for the children of those who have died in the service of their country. Major S., with much politeness, showed us over the whole establishment. We were also much pleased with the Military Hospital, at Kilmainham, which is, I believe, precisely on the Chelsea plan. It is a fine building surrounded by lawns, woods, and walks. I much admire the attention paid in the charitable institutions of Dublin, not only to internal neatness and comfort, but to external attractiveness. The Irish appear to study the more sensitive feelings of their fellow-creatures as well as their bodily wants ; and this is as it should be ; for people are but half charitable who neglect it. How different must be the appearance *now*, when famine and pestilence are abroad in that pleasant land ; and each over-crowded hospital and kindly refuge seems to be endued with a heart-rending power of utterance, and to say, “Have pity

upon me, O my friends ; for the hand of the Lord hath touched me !”

The country round Dublin is beautifully intersected by shaded avenues and green lanes, amongst which we enjoyed our daily drives ; and on two occasions, during our short stay, enjoyable pic-nic parties were formed for our entertainment, on the Killiney hills, where the genuine hospitality of our friends was displayed. We dined on the rocks underneath the obelisk ; and never did a party assemble for the purpose of rural enjoyment, amid scenery more beautiful. On one side, the mountain lay in panoramic view ; below us, the bay of Dublin, with the islands thereto belonging ; the distant city of Dublin, with the villages of Dalkey, Kingston, &c. ; besides other striking features in the landscape ; but while gazing for a few moments on that side, the eye irresistibly turned to the still more lovely bay of Killiney, with the little village of the same name, over which the very spirit of peace seemed to be folding her wings ; with the Wicklow mountains rising in successive ranges behind. After dinner we resigned our places to the servants,

and removed to a rocky drawing-room, at the very edge of the craggy height, and passed the time in cheerful conversation ; or in listening to the happily chosen strains of some of the company who sang their own beautiful Irish melodies with exquisite taste and feeling ; whilst the little waves on the sandy beach below, returned a pleasing murmur that soothingly mingled with the voices above. It was one of those still close days, when the partially clouded sky is so deeply reflected in the water. The variations of light and shade were beautiful on the mountains ; while a sort of soft mist floated over the landscape like a silver veil, throwing a shadowy beauty over every object without obscuring it.

“ How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heave ! One glowing green expanse :
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock’s neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst—
Embath’d in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of ocean are abroad : like floating foam,
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the wave.”

There we remained, vainly wishing the sun

would delay the setting of his gorgeous beams ; until the shades of evening began to close around, and compelled us reluctantly to depart.

The features of that landscape are still unchanged ; but tones of cheerfulness no longer rise from hearts buoyant with health and spirits. Amidst those echoing rocks and valleys, there is oft a sound, but it is that of “mourning, lamentation, and woe ;” and the mind is filled with painful forebodings, by seeing the fields untilled, and the once light-hearted peasantry, if not actually suffering from disease and sickness, idly moving about with gloomy and dejected countenances, as if possessed with feelings only of hopeless despair.

CHAPTER II.

AN EXCURSION TO THE COUNTY OF WICKLOW.

“ You bid me name the sweetest view
In Wicklow’s lovely county,
Where nature sports with beauties new,
And charms us with her bounty.

“ Avoca’s valleys seem supreme,
The Dargle’s views are neatest ;
But men of taste, will all exclaim,
The sugar-loaf’s the sweetest.”

ANONYMOUS,

On being asked which was the *sweetest* view in Wicklow.

ON the 6th of May, at six o’clock in the morning, my two brothers and myself, set off for an excursion into Wicklow. Spring was opening in all its brightness and beauty ; the sun shone gaily ; the hedges, the meadows, the whole surface of the earth seemed fragrant with herbs and flowers. Having passed Black-rock, Dunleary, Cabinteely, and Leigh-

linstown, we reached Bray, a distance of ten miles, where we breakfasted. The great and little sugar-loaf mountains, and the stately Promontory of Bray Head, had been before us in the distance, dimly veiled by the grey mist of morning. After breakfast, E., and myself, could not resist the pleasure of climbing the lofty Head, though F., who was familiar with the country, persuaded us to reserve our strength for mountains better worth the trouble ; but its dark and gloomy outline, had taken a strong hold on my imagination when I gazed at it from the hills of Killiney. The height is only 807 feet, but the perpendicular descent to the beach was grand. We disturbed numerous flocks of birds from the dark caverns of its inaccessible cliffs. Very pretty pebbles are picked up on the Wicklow coast, which, as the waves recede, assume great brilliancy of colouring.

Leaving Quin's hotel, we went a little out of the direct route to see Kilruddery House, the seat of the Earls of Meath ; but none of the family were in residence, and the porters had positive directions not to admit any person without an order. Whilst viewing the

exterior of this singular and beautiful building, a sudden storm passed over us from the mountains, during which, we sheltered ourselves as well as we could in the open phaeton, with cloaks and umbrellas. It was soon over, and as we passed through the narrow valley, called the "Glen of the Downs," the green earth, from the freshness of the shower, seemed to laugh and sing. There was a light and joyous air in the waving of the rich foliage that clothed the abrupt hills on either side the glen, which rise to an elevation of twelve or thirteen hundred feet. It is so completely shut in by these lofty eminences, that the distance between the two sides, only admits of a good carriage-road made above the margin of a stream, which swollen by the rain, went gurgling on with a melancholy music of its own. At the head of this glen is the village of Delgany, a lovely spot, composed entirely of neat and tasteful cottages, fitted up in a style of rustic elegance. It contains also a handsome church, and the whole character of the village shows how much may be done by *individuals*, when duly impressed with the sense of a Christian's

responsibility. It is provided with schools and institutions for the poor, which though now common in Ireland were first established, we were told, by Mrs. La T. Often shall I think of Delgany, and of little Eliza Dwyer, a most interesting and intelligent child, with whom we conversed some time at a cottage-door, while she worked at coarse straw bonnets, and told us all she learnt at school. Belle Vue, the seat of the La T.'s stands about a quarter of a mile from the village, in the midst of its beautiful domain. We could not see the house, as no strangers had been admitted since the death of its proprietor, except by a written order from his widow, who was then in London. We walked, however, through the romantic grounds ; and by permission, obtained with difficulty from an old woman residing in the tasteful cottage, where the rivulet swells into a wider expanse, beneath the dark shade of the groves, we ascended one of the hills by a circuitous road through the woods, to an octagon building on its summit, commanding an uninterrupted view on every side.

The next point requiring observation, at

which we stopped, was Dunran, a narrow defile between lofty hills of granite. A guide appeared to conduct us through it, while the carriage was taken on to meet us at the other extremity. One side was richly clothed with foliage from top to bottom, while the character of the opposite side was that of desolation ; though even there, trees have sprung up with extraordinary luxuriance in spots where no earth could apparently protect their roots. A vast mass of granite, about a hundred and fifty feet high, called the Eagle Rock, stands out from the mountain. The only defect in the scenery was the absence of the mighty torrent's force ; though at that moment the want of water was the last of which we had reason to complain, so plentifully were we supplied from the clouds above ! For, alas ! a dull heavy rain continued to fall. The glen is about a mile in length, and forms part of the property of the Rev. Mr. F., whose house stands on an eminence ; and in the centre of his garden is the ruined castle of Kill-tymon.

Passing Newtown, Mount Kennedy, and Ashford Bridge, we arrived at the last and

principal object of this day's wanderings, "The Devil's Glen." Evening was rapidly advancing, and the rain continued to descend.

The question was, whether we should persevere in visiting this celebrated spot, under such circumstances, or defer it. After some brief discussion, it was determined that we should proceed, and therefore we turned up the narrow dizzy road leading to the lodge of Glenmore Castle, the seat of F. Synge, Esq., immediately under which is the entrance to the glen. The woman at the lodge seemed to doubt the practicability of a lady reaching the head of the glen in such inauspicious weather, as the ponies could not proceed further with the carriage ; but having made some little preparations against the wind and rain, and courteously refused her kind offer of a pair of *pattens*, we set off, and though the rain was certainly a serious drawback to enjoyment, yet I think the hour was altogether better suited to the scene, for as the gloom began to gather round, and threw deeper shadows on the mountains, it assumed much of the features of savage sublimity,

that created a thrilling sensation of awe. The glen is a mile in length, serpentine and meandering ; vast craggy rocks hanging as if in mid air, partly concealed by luxuriant vegetation, and trees of grotesque and noble growth shooting their green heads into the air, where there was no apparent support for their roots. On reaching the head of the ravine, a sudden turn in the road displayed a world of waters high upon the mountain tops. Here the huge rocks closed, but over the ledges, the river, whose foaming and impetuous course we had been accompanying, seemed to fall as if from the clouds, in one vast body from the height of a hundred feet ; but was again broken in its mid-way course by a second mass of rocks ; while to the right, rushed down another, and a separate stream, in one long unbroken line of foam. We made all possible speed in returning, for amidst the eternal gloom of those wild and overhanging rocks, but little light remained to direct us ; though the storm had subsided so far as to permit us to walk without the encumbrance of umbrellas. Little cascades, swollen by the rain, were descending in

silvery lines on all sides, to mingle with the roaring torrent as it struggled through its deep and rocky bed. On regaining the high road six miles still lay before us. Towards the end of our journey we forded the river Vartrey. The evening hour made it look probably wider and more dismally black, than it was in reality. My imagination was still excited by our recent visit to the more turbulent part of its course, so that, although not apt to express fear, I did entreat that we might stop till some inquiries had been made at a neighbouring cabin. We then dashed slowly and safely through it, and found the light beaming from the hotel, at the end of a long lane, a most welcome sight. There we were provided with some excellent tea and coffee, with toast and eggs ; and cheered by a noble wood fire, which blazed up, and made the large, low, and rather forlorn looking apartment look quite comfortable. The chief object of attraction in the neighbourhood of Newrathbridge is Rosanna, the seat of the Tighe's. There is much told of the excellence of the late Mrs. Tighe, who lived there, secluded

from the world, but always employed in charitable undertakings. The daughter added to the celebrity of this beautiful domain, by her talent as an authoress.

The next morning we were again prepared for our journey, soon after six, and following the right bank of the river through romantic and beautiful scenery, reached O'Neill's hotel to breakfast. Here then we were at the first meeting of the waters, in the celebrated vale of Avoca. It was very cold, and the fire did not seem inclined to kindle quickly ; but these minor troubles were soon remedied. Our sitting-room window commanded a full view of that part of the vale, where the Avonmore and Avonbeg united their streams. Over the fire-place, framed and glazed, was Moore's melody descriptive of this spot ; and of course we were unconsciously humming at intervals all the morning,—

“ There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

A month or two later, we should have seen these valleys to greater advantage, when

the foliage had assumed more of summer luxuriance ; or the still more beautiful tintings of autumn ; but, as it was, it was a scene of rare beauty, and surpassing loveliness.

The demesne of Avondale extends a distance of two miles to the spot where the rivers meet, below the heights of Castle Howard. Beyond this conflux, the stream takes the name of the Avoca ; and about four miles below this first meeting, there is a second, formed by the junction of the Avoca and the Aughrim. The grand attractions of this vale are its woods and waters. A beautiful little cottage occupies the tongue of land formed by the first junction of the rivers. There, on the root of a tree, Moore is said to have written his “Meeting of the Waters,” and of course we sat down on it, but I am afraid no immediate inspiration followed. A closer inspection of Castle Howard, did not come up to the ideas we had formed of it from below ; though built on the top of the hill, there is such a width of level ground in front, that the view did not answer our expectations, and I

seldom feel interested in the inspection of *modern* houses.

Having crossed the wooden bridge at the second meeting of the waters, we proceeded along the opposite bank of the Avoca, through the rich and beautiful vale of Arklow, which we thought more attractive than the particular

“Vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

We passed many gentlemen’s seats in our way to Arklow, which is the most northern point of the county ; and where the Avoca becomes a wide river, and empties itself into the sea ; and is there crossed by a bridge of nineteen arches. The sight of a river, the windings of which one has followed in its impetuous tossings over rugged rocks, and more solemn murmurings, through the deepened forest glade, at length calmly mingling with the mighty ocean, is always an interesting subject of meditation. It is but common place to observe what thousands have observed before, its resemblance to our own passage towards eternity ; the fretful waywardness of childhood ; the deeper, head-

strong passions of youth ; the calm resignation and subdued feelings of declining age ; the silent gathering to our fathers ; the oblivion of time in eternity. But there is a “river that maketh glad the city of God,” a “river, clear as crystal, that proceedeth from the throne of God, and of the Lamb,” and which flows on for ever ! May the living waters go out from the holy city, the new Jerusalem, to renew the face of this barren wilderness ; until the earth be filled with the knowledge of its rightful Lord, and King Messiah return in glory.

At Arklow, where there seemed but little to attract attention, we again crossed the river, and continued in a direction from the sea along its opposite bank till we arrived at the woods of Shelton Abbey. After proceeding a mile through the heart of this wild forest, the dark woods began to open on lighter lawns and flower gardens. It was grievous to see this striking domain, not surpassed in beauty, and splendour of scenery, by any of the “stately homes of England,” thus deserted by its noble owner who was then resident in our island. The house is intended

to represent an ecclesiastical structure of the fourteenth century ; but as we could not gain admittance we alighted, and walked about the parterres ; and it was while contemplating the beauties of this tranquil scene, that we heard the cuckoo's voice for the first time, a sound which never meets my ear without carrying me back to the days of childhood, and the wooded banks of the Severn, where we used in all the exuberant glee of early youth to imitate its voice, while gathering the primroses so thickly scattered in that beloved and lovely spot.

We passed through the grounds of Shelton Abbey, and entered on those of Bally Arthur. The woods on the opposite side of the river are the property of Lord Carysfort. The same characteristics of wild forest scenery prevails ; playful cascades tumbling from the rocks in every direction. To the yearly inhabitant there may be something irksome in that depth of solitude, and almost oppressive sense of loneliness ; but on my mind, as a stranger and a wanderer, the feeling was that of unutterable enjoyment, as at times a gust of wind swept down a deep ravine with a

wailing supernatural sound, or a stream hurrying down the dark masses of rock as evening drew on, produced beneath the uncertain moon-beam a startling effect, as if a sheeted spectre were crossing the path.

As we returned through the vale of Avoca, we ascended the discoloured mountain to examine the great Cronebane copper mine ; and arrived at Rathdrum to a late tea. Nothing could exceed the obliging civility of the people belonging to this inn, who put themselves to much inconvenience in order to make our night's sojourn there comfortable. A little circumstance occurred, that caused us a moment's merriment. I had mentioned, that one of my companions was an invalid, and that I hoped great care would be taken in well airing his bed. What adventure could possibly be expected to arise from this ? but, lo ! about ten o'clock the sitting-room door was thrown open, and a figure entered entirely enveloped in blankets and sheets ; no part of the head being visible but the top of a cap. From this strange looking heap, a shrill voice proceeded. "There now, feel them ; they're quite hot ; sure now, hav'n't

they been well aired ? There's never any fear with me, my lady. No ! no ! I am going to make up the beds ; but just feel them, Ma'am ! ”

CHAPTER III.

“ Oh ! if yet in your bosom one last spark ye treasure,
 Of love for the land of your sires, of your birth,
Return, and indulge in the soul-thrilling pleasure,
 Of hailing that land 'mong the brightest on earth.”

ANONYMOUS.

THE morning sun had not quite cleared away the mists that rested on the mountain tops, as we entered on the narrow and rugged road leading to the celebrated valley of the seven churches. The first view is striking and singular, with more of the sublime in it than we had hitherto seen in Wicklow ; taking in the desolate looking ruins, surrounded by memorials of the dead ; the lofty round tower, and the peculiar gloom of the lake, with its black, rugged, and over-hanging barriers. From a mud cabin, where we left the carriage, a most intelligent guide issued. Probably, every

one who, about the same time, visited Glendalough, well remembers George Winder. There was something rather fine in his countenance and brown curling hair and beard. He hardly ceased talking the whole way ; to me, a great annoyance, for I think that any conversation breaking in on the religious sadness and superstitious awe to which such scenes give birth, must be of a very congenial character, and uttered by a voice one loves to hear, to be endured without impatience. We passed through the gateway leading to the once famous city of Glendalough, celebrated as a seat of learning. The cathedral is the most striking object. Every spot pointed out to us, brought with it some wild legendary tale from our loquacious guide. I will repeat one for the sake of the Irish melody attached to it.

“ The masons and labourers who were employed in the pious task of erecting this venerable structure were observed by St. Kevin, the founder, to be gradually losing that health which they appeared to have possessed at the commencement of their labours. Upon inquiry, it was found that

their hours of labour were regulated by this maxim, ‘to rise with the lark, and lie down with the lamb.’ Now the lark in the valley used to rise so unconscionably early that the labourers were insensibly led into insupportable hardships. To remove this evil, the Saint prayed that the lark might never be permitted to sing in the valley of Glendalough, which petition was accordingly granted.”

It is said, no lark is ever heard to sing there ; and this legend is alluded to by Moore, in one of his melodies :—

“ By that lake, whose gloomy shore,
Skylark never warbles o’er.”

Many superstitious ceremonies are urged upon the attention of travellers by the guide, such as embracing the large granite cross in a particular way ; also putting the arm into a circular aperture, and turning it round three times, &c., who at the same time relates the benefits likely to result from the due performance of them.

It would be in vain to attempt repeating all St. Kevin’s miraculous doings, it was

quite enough to listen. There is a group of large thorn bushes near the principal ruin said to have been planted by the hand of the saint, and of course greatly revered. I have been told that thorn bushes are often subjects of superstition in Ireland ; they fancy the destinies of some particular persons are interwoven with them, and therefore, it is deemed impious to injure them.

In the church, called Rheiheart, covered with wild shrubs and ivy, is the resting-place of the O'Tooles, kings of Imaly. It is supposed, seven of them lie buried there. Beneath Lugduff, in a spot almost inaccessible, are the ruins of a church, where St. Kevin used to seclude himself during Lent, and spend his whole time in penitence and prayer.

The round tower is 110 feet in height, and is the most perfect in Ireland of those singular structures.

The ruins of the seven churches seem to stand as sentinels at the entrance of the lake, which is about two miles and a half in extent ; having black and precipitous mountains hanging over it on every side. The guide

said, that the gloomy hue of this lake never varied. The dark and frightful cliff of Luggduff, imparts its own dismal colouring to the water below. In the front of the rock, hanging perpendicularly over the water, at the height of thirty yards, is the small cave called "St. Kevin's Bed," which is approached by a narrow path along the verge of the precipice, from which one false step would be fatal to the venturesome explorer. The wind came roughly down the glen, and rather unpleasantly agitated the lake, as we crossed its gloomy surface in a small boat. I could have fancied old Charon at the helm, and that I saw —

"The vagrant dead around the dark abode,
Waiting to cross th' irremeable flood."

As we crossed the water, a woman, who was in the habit of performing such feats, ran along the narrow ledges of the whole opposite line of cliff without shoes and stockings, until she was at length seen clapping her hands in the wonderful cave. She was called Cathleen, from the fair Saint, who so cruelly persecuted St. Kevin with her professions of affection till he freed himself from

her insinuating wiles by pushing her headlong into the lake below. Not a very courteous proceeding in the Saint, but, undoubtedly, the most effectual one. The mountains are seen to much greater advantage from the lake towards its upper end, where it is hemmed in by the dark and frowning heights ; down which, it is evident, from the deeply worn beds, that the headlong torrents rush sometimes in wild confusion. Comaderry rises 2,268 feet above the level of the sea, and 1,567 feet above the surface of the lake. On our return, we entered Cathleen's cottage ; where, when our eyes became accustomed to the smoky atmosphere, we discovered six healthy looking children, with their plump handsome looking mother, all smiles and good humour. What a contrast to the heart-rending scenes *now* to be witnessed through the length and breadth of that unhappy land ; where thousands are dying for want of sustenance, where disease is ruthlessly ravaging large districts, and such cabins as that of Cathleen's, are but as loathsome sepulchres for the unburied dead, and the wasted ghastly forms of the dying.

Near the ruins of a small abbey, is a remarkable cut through the surface of a mountain, attributed to the strength of the Giant, Fian M'Cournal, who being charged with want of strength, smote the hill with his sword, cutting it from top to bottom ! There is also a waterfall formed by a stream of peculiarly cold water in consequence of the sun never reaching it at any period of the day.

A drive of five or six miles brought us from the gloomy vale of Glendalough to Roundwood, where we breakfasted, and found good accommodation for the short time we remained there. During breakfast, we had some conversation with the landlord of the inn, as to another beautiful scene ; to arrive at which, it would be necessary to go five miles out of our direct route, and the way to it had been described by the waiter at Rathdrum, as “the Devil’s own road !” but our worthy host at Roundwood, was a man of taste ; “Why, Sir,” he exclaimed with great animation, “It looks, for all the world, as if it had just dropped down from the heavens, it comes so suddenly upon you.” The eloquence of mine host prevailed.

The road turned off about a mile and a half from Roundwood, between two mountains Ballenrush, and the lofty Douce. We walked up this steep and rugged way to relieve our incomparable pair of ponies, Toby and Lassie, whose exertions never seemed to flag in our daily pursuit of the picturesque and beautiful. On a sudden turn of the road, this singular scene so suddenly burst on the view as fully to verify our landlord's assertion. The effect of contrast is wonderful in this fairy region ; for nothing can be wilder or more dreary than the mountain road by which it is approached. Deeply sunk beneath the level of the country, are the two profoundly dark lakes, Lough Dan, and Lough Tay, encased on one side by beautifully wooded hills, and hemmed in on the other by the Carrigemanne and Douce mountains, rising naked, wild, and rugged, the representation of all that is desolate in nature. To the left, through a deep glen far below, struggled a small streamlet over masses of rock that had rolled down the declivities. We descended rapidly, and what a vision of enchantment opened upon us as unsuspected

features of softness and loveliness were disclosed ! verdant lawns and sheltering woods, plantations, pleasure-grounds, and gardens gently descending to meet the rippling waters of that lake from which the scene derives its name. The bright and varied foliage seemed to kiss the little waves that sparkled and died away on the smooth sandy beach. This sequestered abode is a hunting seat belonging to Mr. La Touche, and probably seldom occupied by its owner. One's heart seemed to rise and bless God, that there were still such spots of loveliness in the waste-howling wilderness of this fallen world, and to seek more earnestly for the spiritual influences of Divine light and love to be shed abroad through Erin's valleys and mountains.

A legend is connected with this valley, which states that it was the original purpose of St. Kevin to erect his religious structures here, but that the persecutions of the beautiful Cathleen, compelled him to abandon this lovely site, for that of the gloomy shores of Glendalough. We observed, while pursuing the road leading to Luggelaw, that

the face of the country, even of the more level parts, was strewed with large detached masses of granite and quartz ; yet there was no higher land adjoining that over which we were walking from which they could have fallen, and with the exception of those fragments, the surface of the ground was not externally rocky, but covered with a heathery barrenness.

The young woman who acted as our guide, was very talkative. She told us very gravely, that though there were no Banshees in that part of the country now, there were many formerly. "Did you ever see one ?" asked my brother, "No ; but, sure, mother has, often." "And what were they like ?" "Sure, and it was a little old woman ; and she would sit on a stone at our cabin door, combing her hair." "And what did you think was the object of this visit ?" "O, when they came, it was always to foretel a death ; and when one died, two more were sure to follow soon after ; and then they would scream and shriek round the house." She talked a great deal of the kindness of

the Roman Catholic, and Protestant pastors of her parish ; the latter, she said, would go to visit them by night, or by day, if they were ill, without making any distinction on account of their religion. On further inquiry, we were told that this excellent clergyman had given up brighter prospects, to supply the instruction so much needed in those parts ; and that he and his wife devoted their whole time to the care and instruction of this scattered population ; Mr. H. preaching three times on the Sunday, and also giving two lectures in the week.

Having bade adieu to Luggelaw, and proceeded a few miles, proof was given of our enthusiastic feelings having subsided under the influence of a dull monotonous road, by the inclination generally expressed for some little refreshment ; but the country seemed to stretch in hilly and dreary loneliness around. Soon afterwards, an exclamation from one of the party proclaimed the existence of a solitary cottage, with this gratifying notice over the door,—“Richard Mason, licensed to deal in grocery, spirits, and malt.”

One of the gentlemen went in to see what was to be procured, and soon returned, followed by a damsel bearing a small white loaf of bread and a slice of fresh butter; which, under existing circumstances, seemed to us more excellent than any bread and butter we had ever eaten before or since. Whilst E. was in the cottage he observed something like a bee-hive in the chimney-corner. "And what have you here?" he asked. "Oh, that's where the hens are laying, Sir." After a time he observed something nodding in an old barrel on the other side. "And what is in that?" "Sure, Sir, it's the goose laying." One of the children was feeding the pig in the same room from an old tin kettle; and whilst F. and I were watching the progress of the affair in the phaeton outside, we observed a calf walk out very leisurely, as if to take the air.

Our next destination was the extensive and interesting demesne of Powerscourt. The celebrated waterfall is about two miles from the noble residence. The hill down which it falls is a shoulder of the Douce

mountain, which rises 2,392 feet ; and is, I believe, generally ascended from that part. At a distance, we thought the long unbroken line of silver looked tame and formal ; nor did we estimate its real beauties till we descended into its rocky bed, and sat for a long time at its foot, with none of the excitement and hurry of spirits caused by the more tumultuous falls of the Devil's Glen. This near approach would not have been practicable in a rainy season. I have since gazed at the more gigantic fall of the Staubach, in Switzerland, with somewhat of the same feeling (if two such ill proportioned scenes may be mentioned together), namely, that of slight disappointment at the first view, but with increasing interest after close examination. At the present time, when there is such a cry against the non-resident landlords of Ireland, it is pleasing to recollect how much we heard of the kindness of many of the resident nobility and gentry during our visit to the country. Of the late Lord Powerscourt many acts of beneficence were related, particularly the establishment of

schools; and Mr. D., the Rector of Powerscourt, was spoken of as a clergyman universally beloved and respected.

We did not examine the house, for I have little interest in going over modern edifices; but driving through the beautiful deer park, we made our exit at the gate leading to Enniskerry. The situation of this village is naturally beautiful: the cottages are tasteful, having been built by Lord P. in a style happily suited to the character of the surrounding scenery. The whole neighbourhood is beautifully clothed with rich foliage, the grounds of Powerscourt, Charleville, the seat of Lord Rathdown, Ballyornan, the seat of W. Quin, Esq., and the sylvan scenery in the valley of Tinehinch, all combining to enrich this thickly wooded and attractive locality.

After having taken an early dinner at the inn, we walked leisurely towards the Dargle, a deep dark-wooded glen, whose opposite sides are so near to each other that room only remains for the mountain-stream, which perpetually roars, and struggles onward through opposing fragments of rock. We

wandered for hours through irregular winding paths, now amid the rocks at the bottom of the glen, watching the little cascades dashing from side to side, now ascending dizzy heights, among rich groves of oak, and clinging to the hanging rocks, as we pictured to our imagination the convulsive shock by which they had been originally rent asunder. The opposite side of the glen rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, one green mass of foliage from the top to the bottom. There is no considerable fall; but it is an ever changing scene, sometimes rising to awful sublimity; dark impending rocks frown horribly above, and the refractory waters thunder beneath caverned rocks below; at other times presenting deep forest shades or more open scenes of sylvan beauty.

From this scene of loveliness, so attractive during the season to the crowds of holiday-makers who resort to it from the populous streets of Dublin, we returned to the capital. The distance is eight miles. The road lies through an extraordinary chasm, called the Scalp. The precipitous heights on both sides

are covered with prodigious disjointed masses of stone, that seem to threaten the traveller with destruction. One could fancy the Titans of old had been playing a spirited game at football there, where the secret recesses of nature seem to be laid bare. Evening was closing in, and the shades of night threw an undefined gloom over this representation of chaos, unsoftened by any vestige of vegetation. After all the excitement of the previous days, we passed through it in silence. I do not think a word was spoken after the first burst of surprise; but the eye almost fearfully measured the heights, till it rested on the bright and twinkling stars that looked down upon us from above, then slowly descended on the opposite side with a half-shivering feeling of insecurity. The young May moon seemed to shine with unusual brilliancy as we issued from the dark defile. It was the loveliest evening that we had seen during our short absence.

“ How beautiful is night !
A dewy freshness fills the silent air ;—
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven :

In gentle beauty, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths :—
How beautiful is night!"

Nothing more of an interesting description came in our way. And after passing through a few villages of little note, we arrived safely in Fitzwilliam-square, a little after ten o'clock, much gratified with our pleasant excursion into Wicklow.

CHAPTER IV.

VISIT TO GLIN CASTLE—AND THE SCENERY ABOUT BALLYBUNNION.

“ Erin’s cause hath been heard, men have wept at her story,

Alas ! that a land of such beauty should mourn !

Have her children ne’er grac’d the high niches of glory ?

Was kindness ne’er known in their bosoms to burn ?

“ Yes, rich as the mines which her teeming hills nourish,
Are the stores of their genius, which nature imparts ;
And sweet as the flow’rs in her valleys that flourish,
The fragrance of feeling that breathes from their hearts.”

ANONYMOUS.

ON the 13th of May, we again left Dublin, to visit the Lakes of Killarney. The country through which we passed, was far from interesting ; ninety-six Irish miles of flat unvaried road, with only an occasional ruin to divert the attention. Cultivated fields, rich woods, and graceful plantations, had given place to dreary tracts of bog, or sullen

looking loughs, with here and there a wretched mud cabin. It seemed as if nature had collected all her best materials together to adorn and beautify the county of Wicklow, and had turned the refuse out into the dreary district between Dublin and Limerick. It is a general remark, that nature has done much for Ireland, and man but little ; and as the traveller looks at the vast districts of unproductive land, with no sheltering bush for the shivering cattle, or timber and vegetation for the service of man, he cannot but acknowledge the truth of the assertion. Where are the cultivated fields and neat hedge-rows, the thriving farms, the well-fed cattle, and protective fences of England ? But the Irish need a stimulus to exertion ; and, unfortunately, among them is not found the pride of long-continued possession, the connexion between landlord and tenant, master and labourer, which, in our more favoured island, leads the sturdy and industrious tenant of the well-ordered cottage to say,—

“Ere round the huge oak which o’ershadows my mill,
The fond ivy had dared to entwine ;
Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,
Or a rook built a nest in the pine.

" Could I trace back the time to a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toiled in this field ;
The farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same which my grandfather till'd."

It is said, that the moistness of the Irish climate, its mild humidity, is conducive to health, and to the favourable cultivation of the soil, and the country is rich in natural productions. The Irish people are peculiarly acute and intelligent if their powers were rightly directed, but though they can make the witty reply, the shrewd remark, the humorous observation, they fail in patient persevering habits of industry ; and have no value for the cheaply earned comforts, so necessary to the existence of the English cottager, who feels that a wretched hovel is not his right position ; but we may fondly hope, and fervently pray, that when it shall please God to remove from off this unhappy land the present burden of his chastising hand, a brighter day will dawn, and the crumbling mud walls, the windows stuffed with rags, and the pestilential heap before the doors, will, in time, be looked upon as a rare sight ; a mere relic of the days gone by.

We stopped to breakfast at Naas, formerly the residence of the kings of Leinster. Within twenty miles of Limerick, Nenagh, with its strong castle, occupied our thoughts for a short interval ; and afforded us some entertainment from the vast concourse of people assembled there. The beggars are very importunate in all Irish towns ; there we were surrounded by a host of them ; but, certainly, the eloquence of an Irish beggar is very persuasive. “Sure, now,” said a wretched-looking woman, coming up to the carriage window, “That’s the lady that’s giving you good advice, Sir, and persuading you to relieve the poor cratur that’s wishing the Almighty may speed you on your journey. And long life and happiness to your Honour, and to your Honour’s lady. Sure now, Sir, and ar’n’t you feeling in your pocket for the half-penny ?”

Ten miles further on, we passed through Killaloe, and by the Bishop’s pretty residence, to the right. Our introduction into Limerick proved rather a noisy and expensive one ; for the large sitting-room into which we were ushered at our hotel, proving

very close, our first act was to throw up one of the windows ; but as window cords did not appear to be considered indispensable requisites in this locality, the uplifted sash having remained stuck open for a minute or two, came down with a tremendous crash, to the utter dismay of a brace of waiters, who rushed in, and the demolition of five panes of glass ! As my object is brevity, I will not stop to describe the well-known city of Limerick, the handsome houses and streets of the new town, and the indescribable filth and wretchedness of the Irish town, of which, as we saw it after a day of incessant rain, no adequate conception can be given ; yet we met with great attention and civility from the inmates of those abodes of misery ; for on several occasions, when standing on one foot, with the other uplifted as in doubt, where to find a firm resting-place, the inhabitants of those wretched cellars came out with obliging haste to remove little obstructions out of the path ; to point out the cleanest way ; and even to put stones to form stepping-places through the mud. As I now recall their kind and obliging ways, my heart feels sad

to think of their present increased state of poverty and destitution.

We were not sufficiently pleased with our large but comfortless quarters at Limerick, to remain beyond the middle of the following day, when we travelled on to Rathkeale ; where, at a neat-looking, white-washed thatched hotel, we found everything in a little way beautifully clean and wholesome. The landlady looked good-humoured ; the waiter was a comely active lad ; and Kitty, the maid, was the picture of health, cleanliness, and civility. The oak table was bright, the peat-fire comfortable, and to crown all, we had the good fortune to discover a few spoonsfull of good green tea, in close neighbourhood with the souchong, so, as we found there was no possibility of getting on to Glin that evening, we made the best of our disappointment, and enjoyed our simple entertainment greatly.

The Knight of Glin had kindly sent his carriage to meet us the day before ; but, in consequence of some mistake in our letters, we did not arrive on the day we were expected. One person in the town kept a chaise, but it was not "*convanient*" to pro-

vide a pair of horses ; he was also possessed of a car, but *the* horse was ploughing, “Is your car a good one ?” “Sure, Sir, I can’t say its very tight ; but it might carry your Honour as far as Glin ;” and he repeated his resolution of having it fitted up quite “*ilegantly,*” and that it should be ready to convey us by five the next morning.

At Rathkeale, we had an opportunity of witnessing an Irish funeral. It was a singular scene. The melancholy howl of several old women, as they embraced certain graves, and threw their arms into the air with the passionate action of maniacs, and vehemently expressed their outrageous grief, seems still to sound in my ears. The men made no loud demonstrations of sorrow, but repeatedly crossed themselves whilst kneeling at different graves. A company of young women with long cloth cloaks, but without any covering to their smartly dressed hair, knelt also, with their arms demurely folded ; but evidently only engaged in watching the movements of others. After the coffin had been carried round the church-yard, it was lowered into the grave, the mould was rapidly

shovelled in, and some pieces of turf carried by the men, were laid upon it, the crowd then quietly dispersed, leaving a neatly-finished turf grave, amidst the other simple mementos of the dead. On our return through the village, the pigs were also returning from their evening promenade, and stepping in through the cabin doors, as naturally as we did into our rustic inn. We also saw the car undergoing the proposed embellishments ; pieces of leather of various dyes were being nailed over the sides. The holes had been crammed full of hay, and some old moth-eaten bags were having a bountiful stuffing of chaff ;—“For sure, and I’d like your Honour to have some cushions ; and the Knight knows I’m not the man to hinder any quality from going to the castle ; and so, your Honour, for fear of any delay on the road, we’re just making it a little safe.” This was the master’s address to us, as we passed. It was six o’clock the next morning before everything could be prepared for our departure. The poor animal that had been brought from the plough sighed heavily at the prospect before him ;

and we perhaps had some reason to sigh too, as we beheld the crazy vehicle. The chaff in the vaunted cushions having no idea of any centre of gravitation, moved off rapidly to the right and left, thereby, at any rate, preserving our elbows from the contusions which they might otherwise have sustained.

The appearance of the country for some distance was rich and fertile ; the undulating ground well cultivated and chequered with the gay blossoms of numerous orchards. These characteristics gradually changed for those of a wilder character, not mountainous, but rugged. At the end of three miles, our little driver alighted and walked round the car. Not supposing that it could be for the love of contemplating such a specimen of the coach-builder's art, E. asked him what he was doing ? " Only looking at the wheels a bit, your Honour ; master bid me look, now and then." After a time, we came to another halt. Some part of the harness was broken. Our charioteer selected a stone from the road side, drew some nails from his pocket, and hammering them through the

leather, doubled the points down on the opposite side. We preferred walking a great part of the way, for the road, after a few miles, followed the course of the majestic Shannon, which flowed smoothly on, unruffled by the slightest breeze, and the little vessels with their white sails brightening in the morning sun, seemed scarcely to move on its smooth surface. We stopped, in rapturous admiration, to admire the lovely village of Adair. A river winds beautifully through dark overhanging woods, from the midst of which, on either side, rise the graceful and ivy clad ruins of a castle and monastery ; the loftier points of which were lighted up with the morning sun, while the others were still enveloped in a sort of pensive and religious gloom. The calm still waters reflected the overhanging and luxuriant foliage. The whole of this village once belonged to the Fitzgeralds of Glin, but was forfeited in the reign of Elizabeth.

As we proceeded, the noble Shannon still accompanied us, flowing at some depth below the road, by wooded creeks, or barren and turreted headlands ; the distance between the

opposite shores every moment increasing, as we drew nearer our destination.

We had been led to suppose that we should reach Glin Castle by nine o'clock, whereas it was eleven before we arrived at the lodge-gate. On our arrival, we were received with warm hospitality and kindness by our friends, Mrs. Fitzgerald, and her two interesting little daughters, Geraldine and Margaretta. Here we spent some days most agreeably. Sailing in the yacht, wandering in the woods, and similar occupations, varying the pleasant intercourse of conversation about our mutual connexions and friends.

One day was devoted to visiting some scenery at Ballybunnion, about twenty-six miles distant, which is not often visited by tourists. In our way we stopped to inspect the ruins of Lislochtin Abbey, the tower of which is still perfect. Every niche was piled up with human skulls and bones. Numbers of persons are still year by year buried in the cemetery attached to the ruin ; as is the case at Glendalough, to which corpses are brought for interment from the most distant parts of Ireland. Wild and uncivilized is the

country about Ballybunnion. The children seemed only to have shreds of clothing hanging about them ; and there were a few playing about some of the hovels, without even that slight encumbrance.

It is a singular part of the country, and difficult to describe. The mighty Shannon here pours forth its copious flood through gigantic portals, nine miles asunder, into the wide ocean. The whole line of coast is wonderful. On approaching it, for some distance, nothing is visible but a dreary desert of undulating sand-banks, that with the war of elements seem ready to swallow up the whole scattered population. We descended to the shore by a difficult path through the bed of a mountain torrent, down which a slender stream was trickling. This was a manœuvre of the Knight's, that the scene might burst more unexpectedly upon us. Having arrived at the bottom of this steep declivity, we found ourselves on the fine smooth sand of a small bay ; but our eyes were soon fixed in rapturous admiration at the rocks above and around ; the stratification of which is most singular ; sometimes

perpendicular, sometimes horizontal, and variously tinted with the most brilliant colours. They are excavated by the action of the waves into numberless caverns ; one in particular penetrates to a great distance, but the tide will seldom admit of its being visited, and when the water is at all rough, it is not unattended with danger. We examined several of these caverns, and passed through some extraordinary fissures. We then ascended the rocks, and followed the windings of the cliff, accompanied by a guide, which is considered desirable on account of the frightful chasms that often yawn unexpectedly beneath the feet. Nothing could greatly surpass the gloomy grandeur of the scene, as we looked down from the dizzy height into the hideous gulfs, where the finest natural arches, surpassing in magnitude those of art, were casting their dark shadows ; and listened to the hollow sound of the rebounding waves mingled with the shrill cries of curlews and other birds that were flitting about within those dread and mysterious regions. The Knight told us, that he had gazed on the scene, when the wild waves rushing in from

the Atlantic entirely covered those vast arches. The guide pointed out one unfathomable gulf, as he described it, where the heavy dull waves passing through can be heard on a still night at Glin ! The whole shore is deeply indented, and each of those small bays differs from the rest in formation and character. High above them, many hiding-places of smugglers were shewn to us in places which seemed inaccessible.

Having followed the coast for some miles, we returned by a shorter route to the place from which we set out ; and on the brow of a hill crowned with the old ruined castle, we spread out the eatables which we had taken with us in the carriage. A woman living in the vicinity had boiled some potatoes, which she brought up the hill to us in a huge iron pot. After this gipsy-like repast, we returned to Glin Castle, where we arrived to a late dinner, turning our backs with regret upon the estuary of that magnificent river, the course of which we had followed for two days. In a pamphlet relative to this river, published by C. W. Williams, Esq., the Shannon is said to be unequalled in the

British empire, embracing 234 miles of continuous navigation, and from the circumstance of its running through the centre of the kingdom, it may be compared, for purposes of intercourse, to double that length of coast. It washes the shores of ten counties out of thirty-two, all abundant in population, and susceptible of receiving great extension and improvement in their agriculture. These facts are indicative of what might be done through the instrumentality of this one river.

CHAPTER V.

EXCURSION TO THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

“ When stung to despair, in their wildness, what wonder
If sometimes their souls from affection might rove!
That frenzy subsiding, their feelings the fonder,
Will seek their own halcyon channel of love?

“ Let the past be forgotten! Yet shalt thou, fair Erin,
Fling off the base spells which thy spirit enslave;
Thou shalt, like the sea-bird, awhile disappearing,
Emerge with thy plumage more bright from the
wave.”

NOTWITHSTANDING the many kind and pressing invitations that we received to prolong our visit, we quitted Glin with much regret, on the 20th May, and travelled that evening, twenty-eight miles to Tralee, and from thence, the following morning, to Killarney. Nothing could exceed the extreme civility and obliging conduct of all the Irish post-boys and coachmen, or drivers, with whom we had anything to do. They would often stop,

or turn round to direct our attention to remarkable objects ; and I had reason to be indebted to the great anxiety evinced by one, that the very enchanting view of the first approach to Killarney should not be lost upon us. It was a close calm summer's day. There was a peculiar softness in the scenery ; and the effect of light and shade on the Kerry mountains which lay directly before us was particularly fine. Captain H., the son of the Rector of K., to whom we were introduced at Glin, and whose infancy and boyhood had been spent amongst the attractive scenery of Killarney, and his maturer years in scientific investigations connected with its lakes and mountains, had kindly offered to accompany us, and initiate us into its beauties. Having breakfasted at the hotel, he went to order a boat to be in readiness, and shortly after returned to us, equipped in a sailor's dress. A walk of a mile brought us to the edge of the lower lake, at Ross Castle, which stands on an island of the same name containing some mines of lead and copper. We obtained a fine view from the ruined walls ; but were too impatient to remain there long, so that

we were soon seated in the boat, which was in readiness to receive us.

The rocks in the lower lake are worn into many fanciful shapes. A perpendicular one, thirty feet above the water, is called O'Donohoe's prison, a mere barren rock, yet out of its fissures grow the arbutus, ash, and holly. But if the reader be unacquainted with the wild legends of Killarney, he ought to be informed that the Giant O'Donohoe used to cause his most obstinate enemies to be chained on this rock, and there to perish by cold and famine, till they acknowledged his authority. Of course, he still haunts the spot, says the legend, and may often be seen moving on the surface of the waters with his snow white steed.

Innisfallen, on which we first landed, is a lovely island, a scene of rich luxuriance and tranquillity ; such perfect tranquillity ! It seemed—

“ As if the gen’ral pulse
Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ; ”

though there could have been but little pause in her more secret operations, for the arbutus and holly grow to an extraordinary

size, and with the oak, alder, wild myrtle, &c., sometimes enclose little verdant lawns, and sometimes form the deepest forest shade ; here a portion of the ruined monastery appearing, there the encircling lake, or beyond, the lofty heights of Mangerton, Turk, and Glenà. On every side, the approach to this gem of an island is different, and its beautifully undulating surface adds to its attractiveness. It was one of those still warm days, when the deep silence of nature is only broken by the dreamy hum of insects and the warbling of birds. In one part a large hawthorn had forced its way through a friar's stony grave. Enormous clusters of primroses were bursting even from the cement of the stone walls, whilst violets, London pride, and other flowers, clothed the bare surface of the rocks. The narcissus, deliciously fragrant, grows wild in many parts, particularly among the Killarney mountains, where we gathered it in profusion.

The lakes are three in number, and are distinguished as the lower, middle, and upper lakes ; each presenting a distinct character of scenery. The lower lake is the largest

expanses of water, and the only one on which danger is to be apprehended, on account of the difficulty of getting under shelter in time when a sudden hurricane sweeps down the mountains. As we rowed over its then smooth surface on leaving Innisfallen, Tomies and Glenà seemed to rise at some distance abruptly from the water, thickly wooded at their bases, but elevating their towering summits to the sky, with much of rugged grandeur. As we drew nearer, however, their rocky heads were concealed, and a range of forests seemed to clothe their whole surface. To the east and north of the lower lake there are no mountains, which gives a tameness to that quarter beyond what I had expected to meet with at Killarney. After rowing about a mile and a half, we landed at the foot of the huge Tomies (I only speak by comparison, as its height is not more than 2,150 feet), and following a toilsome rugged path through the thick wood, we reached O'Sullivan's Cascade. It is a very fine one, arising chiefly from the mind being kept in a state of such half fearful suspense and expectation by the roar of the torrent, which

is heard at a great distance, the deepening gloom of the forest, and the depth of the ravine into which the water, bursting suddenly on the view, dashes from a height of seventy feet ; but it has three divisions, the two first falling successively into rocky basins, the third descending into regions of darkness below. There we lingered for a considerable time, sitting down on some rocks near the edge of the cascade, watching the stray sunbeams as they vainly struggled to penetrate the impervious shade, and idly gathering the London pride, and other wild flowers, that covered the bare rocks, even in the centre of the stream. Yet, after a time, the noise, appearing as it did to increase in intensity, became almost insupportable, as by the help of the trees we swung ourselves rather than walked down the declivity, and again embarking, glided along the shores of the gigantic Tomies and Glenà.

Mr. H. dexterously fixed our attention on the scenery that lay *behind* us, until the boat had completely entered the bay of Glenà ; he then suspended his eloquence to enjoy in silence the thrilling sensation of rapture with which

we gazed around. There rose the majestic Turk and gloomy Mangerton, with many a mountain behind ; there was the descending forest, dipping its foliage in the water ; whilst above arose, in stern magnificence, the bare and rugged rocks. At the head of the bay, we landed at Glenà Cottage, a little paradise, the property of Lord Kenmare, but much neglected in consequence of being only occasionally occupied by parties on shooting excursions. The islands of Dinis and Brickeen form a separation between the lower and Turk lakes. The narrow passages between them are very romantic, which rendered Dinis island, where we next landed, to my eye, far more attractive than the lovely Innisfallen. Amongst the rich variety of trees clothing the banks of the passage, and wildly overhanging the water, the arbutus grows to an enormous size, the roots appearing in many places to be embedded in the solid rocks. The scene was rendered more picturesque by the old bridge of Brickeen, consisting of one gothic arch, through which, we were told, our boat was “to shoot” the following day.

In one of the verdant lawns, surrounded

by groves of melody and beauty, and gently sloping down to the smooth beach, on which the little waves were breaking with a very slight murmur, we had our baskets of provisions laid out, the boatmen sitting at some little distance. Such sylvan scenes are favourable to imaginative creations ;—and truly all that imagination can conceive of the wild, the romantic, and the beautiful, was there brought before the eye,—still more to *spiritual* communion with things unseen as yet ; even as Moses, who, while gazing on the rich valleys, majestic mountains, and vine-clad hills of the promised land, was raised in spirit above the earthly Canaan, till heaven, with all its glories, burst upon his view.

The boat was brought round to meet us ; and on leaving this enchanting spot, Turk Lake suddenly appeared, and by its unbroken expanse of water created for a moment a feeling of disappointment, but its peculiar beauties soon became apparent. The forests clothing Turk and Mangerton Mountains, seemed multiplied in the bright mirror below, over which they cast a peculiar shade. Mr. H.'s general acquaintance with the occupiers

of the land always gained permission for us to walk through their grounds, and saved us many a circuitous route. On this occasion, we were spared a considerable distance by going through the pleasure grounds of Turk Cottage. Through the dark shade of fir groves, we reached the wide deep chasm into which Turk Waterfall descends from a height of sixty feet. It is supplied from the Devil's Punch Bowl, which is an oval lake at the top of Mangerton, supposed to have been the crater of an extinct volcano. We were told, that when the firs which then so finely clothed the sides of the glen were planted, the men employed in the work were obliged to be lowered with ropes, carrying the young trees with them.

We did not re-enter the boat, but walked towards the grounds of Mucruss Abbey. We had not proceeded far, before a few large drops of rain began to fall, which increasing rapidly, we endeavoured to shelter ourselves under a large holly-tree, close to the edge of the lake. There, with the aid of a good-sized umbrella, we kept ourselves tolerably dry for about half an hour. The tops of the mountains

became quickly enveloped in the thickest gloom ; volumes of cloud and mist were borne majestically along their sides, catching a transitory tint of gold and purple from an occasional beam from the sun, which, lower down, gleamed at intervals on the lake, now violently agitated. I quite rejoiced at the opportunity of witnessing the majesty of the storm ; but when three-quarters of an hour had elapsed, and our shelter was becoming uncomfortably wet, we began to wish ourselves in some place where we could watch its progress more agreeably ; and, therefore, resolved to walk through it to Mucruss House, where we arrived just before the storm began to descend in sheets of water. The kind housekeeper wanted to light a fire for us. What a tongue the worthy old woman had ! “Sure, now, Maister H.,” she continued, “and you’ll never be spaking of the trouble to me, or mine, after all your family have done for us. Sure, now, Sir, just let me light a fire, and fetch a pair of shoes, and a cloak for the lady.” For above an hour we were confined within the walls of Mucruss House. At length the rain abated ; and, without wait-

ing for the ground to dry, we again ventured forth, though we could not wander through the woods ; but as we walked about the more open parts of the demesne, the shrubs shook off their moisture on us in showers of crystal, the dark mountain mists were struggling to maintain their pre-eminence over tints of amethyst and ruby, and the birds renewed their melody, whilst fluttering their little wet wings in the faintly reviving sun-beams.

The venerable abbey was quite invisible till we reached the gateway. This most interesting ruin, founded, I believe, in 1440, by Donald, son of Thady M'Carthy, and situated on a peninsula about half a mile broad, is surrounded on every side by scenery of the most varied description. The rain had made the stones very slippery, and deep pools of water stood in some places ; still, though with much diminution of our comfortable enjoyment in the inspection, we endeavoured not to leave a part unexplored. It is not on a large scale, nor is it considered, I believe, remarkable for architectural beauty ; but there was a thrilling influence about it, far

beyond the attraction of mere external ornament ; particularly in the cloisters, which are rendered peculiarly solemn and imposing by a venerable yew-tree, which rises from the centre of the enclosure, and which is believed, on good authority, to be coeval with the abbey. It is preserved with religious veneration, and produces a shade so awful as to be really oppressive. In one of the apartments, a hermit once took up his abode for twenty years, after which long penance he secretly withdrew. A second pilgrim followed, who chose another chamber for his habitation, but he disappeared at the end of two years. The effect of this sepulchral gloom is greatly increased by the custom of piling up the skulls and bones in every corner and dark niche ; not tossed about in careless confusion, but grouped in fantastic forms. The ground at the south side of the abbey is still a favourite place of burial with the Roman Catholics all round the adjacent country ; and, I think I have read somewhere, that the festival of St. Francis is celebrated here, when the poor people assemble to receive the benedictions of their

priests, and to confess among the tombs and ruins.

I had a strong desire to possess myself of one of the skulls, as a memorial of this solemn and interesting spot. Some words in pencil had been written on the forehead of the one we selected, but time and weather had rendered them unintelligible. This skull, carefully packed at the bottom of my trunk, accompanied us during our subsequent travels in Scotland ; and after our return to England, gave birth to the poetical description of that remarkable ruin which will close this chapter.

The rain had re-commenced ; and, wet through as we were, we considered it more prudent to walk, than to re-enter the boat. Nothing could be more wo-begone than our appearance ! A gentleman's apparel comes forth with greater advantage, after a contest with the raging elements, than that of a lady does ; for by the time a bonnet has been crushed by creeping through crumbling walls and time-worn crevices, till, as one's nurse used to say, it "looks nohow," and the fashionable fulness of the dress has been taught, by the damp and rain, to cling more closely to

the figure, there is little left to call forth the vanity of the hapless sufferer in any chance encounter with the more favoured beaux and belles of the adjacent town. Under these circumstances, we were not sorry to reach our hotel.

At rather an early hour, the following morning, we set off for the celebrated "Gap of Dunloe," in a car which our landlady provided for the purpose, and which was stored with the requisite quantity of whiskey for our attendants, and provisions for the day. A young man with his bugle went with us, his father, Lord Headley's piper, being then too old to accompany parties on these excursions. He entertained us all the way with well-told anecdotes, and seemed remarkably intelligent for his station in life. We stopt on the bridge, where the nets were being drawn for salmon; and in a middle-aged gentleman, who was leaning over the wall, Mr. H. recognised a friend. On hearing that we were strangers, he most politely proposed returning in a few minutes with eighteen couples of hounds, and his huntsman, in order to awaken the surrounding echoes. He soon

overtook us with his hounds, bringing with him, also, two saddle-horses for the gentlemen to ride. I believe a fox was soon found, and though I did not understand or care about the chase, the general effect was grand. Nay, to an ear unaccustomed to such sounds, the huntsman's bugle-horn, and the cry of the hounds, reverberating amongst those wild and rugged solitudes, was almost terrific.

The Gap of Danloe is a defile between the mountain called Tomies and M'Gilly Cuddy's Reeks. In one part, the road runs along the margin of a black pool, quite unprotected ; where, to avoid the destruction consequent on a false step, those who were on horseback dismounted. Beginning to feel tired of the noise and uproar of the hunt, I desired the driver to go on ; and so, escaping in a great measure from the confusion of sounds, reached a part where the mountains crowd in closely together, so as only to allow space for the road and the gloomy lake beside it. Here we came to another halt ; the mountains were enwreathed with mist ; the rocks gigantic and bare ; the scene desolate and lonely. In the midst of this savage solitude, the

driver directed my attention to an almost unearthly-looking haggard creature, quite blind, who, at the age of 109, was sitting by the road side. Her withered hands rested on a stick, to which a rosary was suspended. She spoke very rapidly in the Irish language, which was, of course, unintelligible to me. For above a century, she had lived amid those awful solitudes. It was painful to look at her ; for though there is something sublime in the wreck of nature, with its ruined castles, rocks, and mountains, there is much that is depressing in witnessing the wreck of the human mind and its earthly tabernacle, to be overcome only by reflecting on the animating word of promise : “When He shall appear, we shall be like Him.” “When I awake up in Thy likeness, I shall be satisfied with it.” “This mortal shall put on immortality.”

After this the road became too confined to admit of a carriage, a narrow footpath through the crumbling fragments alone presented itself. The Hon. Mr. M. and his pack of hounds, after having afforded us great gratification by his very courteous and gentlemanly conduct, had returned ; and we were

again left alone in the midst of the wild chaos, I being mounted on a pony called “the Knight of the Gap,” which had been provided for me.

We stopped for a few minutes at a solitary cabin, from whence a woman issued with a bottle of the real “mountain dew” and a jug of goat’s milk. Our guides mixed these ingredients in equal proportions. I thought they would have made punch of it, as it is said they do in the county of Clare ; that is, “drink all the whiskey now, and the water to-morrow, or after.”

Having reached the highest point of elevation, from whence a glance behind discovered mountains heaped together, with vast volumes of mist flitting about their dark sides, we began to descend. A cultivated country, the vale of Comme Duff, spread out deep in the valley below, its features appearing still more beautiful from the sudden contrast. The waters of a cascade flow through several small lakes, through its whole length, till they discharge themselves in the Upper Lake of Killarney, at Cariguline. Amongst the mountains which range themselves beyond,

are the M'Gilly Cuddy's Reeks, the broken and irregular summits of which have a singular appearance, caused by the sort of soft stone of which they are composed, which is continually loosening and mouldering away, so that their ridges are broken into a thousand extraordinary forms, instead of presenting a dull uniformity of outline.

About four miles brought us to Gheramine, the seat of Lord Brandon. As the friends of his neighbour, Mr. H., we were permitted to go through his grounds, which saved us a circuitous route, and also gave us a sight of his pretty cottage and garden, the latter made by artificial means on the rock above, a quantity of earth having been carried up to form it. In this sheltered spot, flowers were blooming in rich luxuriance, and the fruit trees were in a state of great forwardness. In the centre of this garden, Lord B. has built a round tower, in imitation of those ancient and singular structures which are met with throughout Ireland, and occasionally in Scotland, and which so greatly puzzle the brains of antiquarians. At the other side of Lord B.'s plantations, we found our boat

waiting for us on the Upper Lake, in which we embarked, with four gentlemen added to our party, whom we had met in the Gap of Dunloe, and who were recognised as old friends by one of our company. They had changed their plan of returning by the way they came, in order to accompany us ; so the five naval officers and ourselves became fellow-travellers for the rest of the day.

We had been charmed with the quiet beauty of the Lower Lake ; we had been struck with the peculiar features of Turk Lake ; but when gliding over the surface of the Upper, we felt the inadequacy of language to express our delight. It is entirely encompassed by mountains. Through a narrow and very shallow passage, the boat, now heavily laden, was with some difficulty forced, and we landed on a green meadow where there was no appearance of any human habitation ; so deep within the glen stands “Hyde’s Cottage,” belonging to the father of our kind and agreeable companion. The roar of waters soon informed us that we were in the neighbourhood of a cascade, and we had no sooner reached the cottage than the

Upper, Second, and Lower falls became visible. The family were absent, and one person only was left in charge of the house ; but Irish hospitality is never discouraged ; so, while some of the party were strolling through the wood, and examining the small well stocked garden, and the potatoes were boiling in the kitchen, Mr. H. was busily employed in preparing everything in the best style circumstances would admit of, for the entertainment of his friends. There was a general laugh when on passing the dining room window, he was discovered setting out decanters of wine and whiskey, and E. polishing the outer surface of some glasses with the tail of his coat.

As soon as I could with propriety leave the dinner table, I hastened, according to the directions I had received, through the wood to the waterfall ; and climbing over the rocks reached a dry spot near the foot of the Upper fall, and overlooking the Second. This would have been impracticable had the stream been swollen by winter rains. I could not ascend higher, as there was nothing to hold by ; so I sat down on this little area, and was guilty of

making a poetical sketch of the scene, which, however, I will not inflict on my readers. The loveliness of that secluded scene, the richness and luxuriance of the wood, just opening to admit a view of the cottage, above the thatched roof of which the smoke was gracefully curling, the gently swelling hills beyond, bounded by the rugged majesty of mountains, the water projected from the different points with greater or less degrees of force, then brawling over the rocks below, and meandering away through the overhanging foliage :—Oh ! it was altogether a scene of loveliness that haunts my memory, and dwells still on the imagination. I knew the sound of the bugle, which was to be the promised signal, would be drowned in the noise of the waters ; but as I could see, from my lofty station, the cottage porch, and the dining room window, I remained where I was, till I saw the party coming forth in search of me. We were soon re-seated in the boat, and then the full play of genuine Irish wit began to discover itself in many brilliant sallies. Several airs, also, both English and Irish, were very well sung. We

might have had fellow-travellers of more congenial *sentiments* with our own, but certainly, never more gay, clever, or amusing ones.

The islands in the Upper lake are very numerous ; some bold and rocky, others richly clothed with wood, and others like little alluvial spots that had been collected by time, round which, reeds had bound together the atoms of vegetation swept down from the mountains, and on which the winds had scattered seeds of herbs and trees, until they had grown into forms of loveliness and beauty. Gandsey, our bugle-man, occasionally landed on the rocks and produced the most wonderful echoes. In these channels between the islands, the assistance of the oar is hardly necessary, the boat being gently carried along by the stream. I think the beauty of the winding passage leading from the Upper lake cannot easily be surpassed. The “Eagle’s Nest” is in the hanging crag of a perpendicular rock, twelve or thirteen hundred feet high. It looks contemptible among the mountains, when viewed from a *distance*; but when steering directly under it,

its base being clothed with wood, whilst above the huge rocky fragments frowned sternly, we *felt* it to be stupendous. Gandsey stood on the opposite side, with his bugle, in a spot called, the “Place of Audience,” and awakened the most extraordinary reverberations, that seemed as if multiplied by supernatural means; and after long intervals, dying away as it were on the confines of some far distant world.

“ Hark ! hark ! the soft bugle sounds over the wood,
And thrills in the silence of even ;
Till faint, and more faint, in the deep solitude,
It dies on the portals of heav’n.
But echo springs up from her home in the rock,
And seizes the perishing strain,
And sends the gay challenge, with shadowy mock,
From mountain to mountain again.”

The stillness of the hour (for it was then nine o’clock),—the unclouded moon rising above the opposite mountain,—the deep tranquillity of the water, as the boatmen rested on their oars, and in which the rocks were distinctly, but darkly reflected, combined with the plaintive thrilling airs that the bugle sent forth,—altogether formed a scene

that I think can never pass from my memory. It was that lovely twilight, soft and silent as an infant's slumbers, and the gay spirits of all the party seemed to subside into a mood of more pensive enjoyment.

“ For, oh ! when heav'n and earth grow dumb with
bliss,

In homage to an hour divine as this,
Thoughts of immortal beauty spring to birth,
And waft the soul beyond the dreams of earth.”

We did not see the eagle in his inaccessible nest ; but my thoughts were busily occupied with recollections of that beautiful description of God's dealings with his ancient people contained in Deuteronomy xxxii. 11, 12. I have scarcely ever referred to that sublime passage of Scripture since, without unconsciously connecting it in imagination with the “ Eagle's Rock ” at Killarney.

Having remained stationed there a considerable time, we took such an abrupt turn in the river that, on looking back, we could see the rock, from its summit to its base, in great perfection, and its softened image also reflected in the watery mirror below.

The navigation of these narrow passages is difficult. The boatmen were, at times, obliged to put out all their strength to overcome the violence of the current; but our pilot, Mr. H., was well acquainted with every rock and the depth of every channel. Some indistinct ideas of danger had, however, connected themselves in my imagination with the thought of "shooting the arch" under old Weir-bridge; for we had heard of accidents occurring from the equilibrium of the boat being destroyed, &c. I secretly felt glad to hear, therefore, when we reached the spot, that there was not water enough for the boat to "shoot through," heavily laden as it was. We were therefore set on shore, and, groping our way through a dark wooded pathway, we embarked again, and passing once more over Turk and the lower lakes, at length safely landed at Ross Castle. The lower lake looked calmly beautiful, as it did the day before. Many a bright star was reflected in its dark bosom, sheets of summer lightning at intervals glanced rapidly across the landscape, and the moon that lighted us home to

the hotel gave an entirely new character to the scene.

“ How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this lake !

* * * *

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubim :
Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.”

SHAKSPEARE.

The effect of the bugle while on the water was again tried in awakening the echoes of Ross Castle, and we heard the repetitions distinctly from the Castle, the ruined church of Aghadoe, and Mangerton, with numerous reverberations afterwards. It was about eleven when we reached the hotel.

Whilst returning in the boat, the strongest persuasions were used to induce us to alter our plans and remain another day. I being the only lady, was instituted as judge in the debate. Each of the party then pleaded the merits of the cause ;—our friends, the comic and penserozo warblers, with incomparable

wit and cleverness ;—but my Lady Judge resisted their eloquence, resisted the beguiling attractions of the scenery, nay more, resisted the urgent solicitations of her own inclinations. We left Killarney the following morning.

CHAPTER VI.

THE RETURN FROM THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY TO DUBLIN.

“ Once more 'mong the verdure and dew of thy mountains,
The Shamrock shall ope its wet eye to the sun ;
While fondly the Muse shall recline by thy fountains,
And warble her strains to the rills as they run.

“ And Plenty shall smile on thy beautiful valleys,
And Peace shall return the long-wandering dove ;
And Religion shall breathe o'er mud cottage and palace,
And spread out her wings o'er an Eden of love.”

OUR plan was to return to Dublin by Cork. The road appeared uninteresting, but almost any high road would look monotonous after the fairy scenes we had so recently left. The way is, however, varied by many remnants of ancient strength, such as the ruins of feudal castles and monasteries. Within four or five miles of Cork stands the Castle of Ballincally, on a rocky eminence in the

middle of a plain, without any other hill or mound near it. Not far from this are the Castle and Abbey of Kilcrea. The approach to it used to be quite appalling, on account of the numerous heaps of skulls and bones, which have, however, been since deposited in their mother earth. The river Bride flows gently through the gloomy valley of death. There is said to be an extraordinary cave near the village of Ovens, which, however, we did not visit; and in a castle at Macroom, another village through which we passed, Admiral Sir William Penn was born.

We reached Cork about five in the evening, and took up our quarters at an hotel abounding with English comforts. We made the best use of daylight by immediately walking out to examine the town and environs. In the harbour a steam-packet was taking in passengers. "Where is that packet going?" "To Cove, Sir." "What is the distance?" "About nine miles, Sir: you may go there in an hour, and return by land, in a car." So without any delay, we stepped on board, glad of the opportunity of going down this celebrated river, of which we had

heard so much. It is said to be worth taking a journey from Dublin to see the splendid Cove of Cork ; for in consequence of the sinuous winding of the estuary of the Lee, the most rapid changes of scenery are presented to view,—the shores on both sides being studded the whole way with castles, villas, and gentlemen's seats, and surrounded with beautiful woods and plantations, dipping their luxuriant foliage in the water. Cove, built on the steep side of a hill, bursts finely and suddenly on the view. We landed, walked through the town, enjoyed the prospect, and then returned to Cork by land. The whole expense of this little excursion for *both* of us, including the steam-packet, the ferry-boat, and the car, was 4*s.* 7*d.* ! We did not, however, enjoy it as enthusiastically as we ought to have done : the truth was, we were as yet too deeply enamoured with the *lonely* echoes, *silent* lakes, and romantic rocks of Killarney, to relish a first return to populous scenes of busy every-day life ; but the refreshing breezes were exhilarating after our day's travelling. The road by which we left Cork

the succeeding day followed the course of the river for some distance, and then diverged through beautifully wooded scenery for about the distance of six miles ; but as we travelled the whole night, in order to enjoy our Sabbath services in Dublin, I can give little account of the road, which appeared to become uninteresting after leaving the banks of the narrow and winding Suir on which Clonmel is situated. We were again in Dublin by six o'clock on Sunday morning, after this long and wearisome journey.

LINES ON A SKULL,

BROUGHT FROM MUCRUSS ABBEY, KILLARNEY.

START not, ye timid ! nor, ye idly gay,
Turn with displeasure from this scene away :
Nor lightly jest upon a serious theme,
The last frail emblem of life's airy dream.
To all, except the heartless, will I try
To make this skull less hateful to the eye.
The wintry blast blows fitfully and deep,
The ev'ning shades are gath'ring o'er the steep ;
We'll heed them not, but round the cheerful blaze,
We'll speak of other scenes and other days.

First, the romantic site I must relate
Of Mucruss Abbey, and its ancient date.
Upon Killarney's solitary shore,
Where the huge rocks their awful torrents pour,
And Turk and Mangerton, with gloomy brow,
Brood o'er the central lake serene below,—
Conceal'd 'mid forest shades of deep'ning hue,
A ruin'd pile steals darkly on the view ;
Its shadowy outlines, dim and undefin'd,
Impart a pensive sadness to the mind :
Oh, well can I retrace the thrilling hour
When first we felt its soul-subduing pow'r.
The hand of time has with a lenient sway
Forborne the features of a stern decay ;
If ruin'd more, less striking to the eye
Would be its picturesque sublimity.
The choir's deep solitude, its fearful gloom,
Speak of the awful secrets of the tomb.
In ev'ry niche, amid th' unearthly shade,
Are skulls and bones fantastically laid ;
Thus mortals, born to labour and to die,
Sport with the emblems of mortality !
High from the centre of the cloistral ground
A yew majestic spreads its branches round :
Woe to the hand that with incision rude
Should dare upon its sacred bark intrude !
The struggling light the lonely tombs reveal,
Which yet those gloomy branches would conceal.

No words engraven there, the tales to tell
On which imagination loves to dwell.

We stood upon the mould'ring battlement,
The low'ring sky a deeper influence lent,
And eloquently spoke each crumbling stone
Of countless generations past and gone.

From thence we took this skull,—nay, do not
smile,—

And safely brought it from th' Emerald Isle :
O'er mountain ranges of stupendous size,
By sea, by land, 'neath Caledonian skies,
My treasure came, still watch'd with careful eye,
Lest superstition should our theft espy.

Some centuries have pass'd since first this head
Was laid within its dark and silent bed.

To whom did it belong ?—the thought may flow,
Perhaps the spirit hovers here below ;
Perhaps, commissioned by heav'n's glorious King,
To earth sweet messages of peace may bring :
A ransom'd soul, on airy pinions borne,
To cheer some heart with grief and anguish torn.
Perhaps to one of us it wings its flight,
To bring some clearer ray of heav'nly light :
Still love those spirits, free and unconfin'd,
To minister to those they leave behind.
Traditional legends tell not now
Why 'neath the cowl was hid this throbbing brow :

In health, in wealth, in manhood's early prime,
Circled by all that gives a charm to time,
Eternity alone possess'd his mind,
He left the world, the footsteps of mankind.
Mistaken piety ! whose sombre hue
Rejects the blessings offer'd to its view ;
Forgets that active duties best prepare
The soul for loftier piety and prayer :
Forgetful of each Christian sympathy,
That smiles in sadness, cheers in misery ;
Forgetful that the life we call our own,
“Derives its value from its use alone.”*
But those were darker times,—then list not now
To Eugene's sorrows with a scornful brow,
Who, 'midst each agony of wav'ring thought,
Was first from folly to his Maker brought.
No light of glorious liberty was shown
To point salvation to the Cross alone.
'Twas much in ardent youth's aspiring day
To cast ambition, wealth, and pow'r away ;
Still more to rend affection's strongest tie,
Forego each calm domestic sympathy ;—
No deeper struggle can the bosom prove,
Than duty struggling with terrestrial love ;
Strength for such conflict comes but from above.
He knew not that such kindred ties are giv'n
To speed the Christian on his road to heav'n :

* Dr. Johnson.

The gloomy cloister and monastic dress
Clos'd o'er the tumults of the soul's distress ;
Then all was still,—the outward strife was o'er,
His pallid cheek a placid sadness wore,
'Till life decayed ;—youth's light and joyous tread
Were all too thoughtless by that dying bed :
For those alone who grief and anguish know
Can mitigate a suff'ring brother's woe.
And could not then a life thus wholly giv'n
To God on earth, avert the wrath of heav'n ?
Oh no !—yet peace was there : a ray of light
Perhaps was granted to his mental sight,
Which pointing to the *cross*, with pow'r to save,
Dispers'd the gloom that hover'd o'er the grave.
Now view this proof (ere fades the passing hour)
Of God's creating and sustaining pow'r !
'Tis but the cold and senseless casket now,
But mark the structure of this polish'd brow !
The temples throb no more, but still an air
Of thought and intellect seems hov'ring there ;
Smooth as Italian marble, and as cold,
Tho' once 'twas stamp'd in passion's deepest mould :
From thence descending would th' averted eye
Avoid that fearful look of vacancy !
Where is the glance of pride ? the force of mind ?
The eye that beam'd with tenderness refin'd ?
Where is the light of youth,—of beauty's bloom ?
Yet turn not shudd'ring from the silent tomb,

Since He, who reigns 'mid heav'n's eternal day,
Once veil'd His glories in our mortal clay ;
He trod before life's dark and toilsome road,
He sanctified that last and drear abode.
Still may it quell our pride,—this dust alone
Is all created man may call his own.
How wondrous then, that God should deign to give
The vital spark, and bid these bodies live !
To breathe,—to think,—with earthly toils to blend
Hopes that can never die,—that know no end.
This skull, extracted from the earthy sod,
Once lived,—we trust, devotedly to God.
Yet more,—whilst wond'ring at created man,
Preserv'd by God thro' life's extended span,
Still may our chasten'd thoughts ascend above
To view the wonders of redeeming love.
Tho' mingled with the dust of ev'ry clime,
These human forms may be defac'd by time,
No particle is lost : the wind and wave
May idly scatter many an unknown grave ;
But He who first the vital pow'r could give,
Will bid those dry and mould'ring reliques live.
Not lost each nobler thought, to heav'n allied,
But perfected, exalted, purified :
Cleans'd by His blood from all polluting stain,
A Saviour's voice shall rend the veil in twain ;
There learn, what here by faith we darkly trace,
And see that heav'nly vision face to face.

CHAPTER VII.

“ When foemen watch their tents by night,
And mists hang wide o'er moor and fell,
Spirit of counsel and of might,
Their *pastoral warfare* guide thou well.”

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

DURING our travels through the more remote districts of Ireland, we continually heard the different classes of people speak with gratitude of the untiring zeal and benevolence of their pastors. Difficult as the position of the Protestant clergy has always been in that distracted land, it is now greatly increased amidst the present fiery trial of famine and disease ; their houses being daily surrounded by dying multitudes, who look up to them as their natural and tried benefactors. Surely, then, it becomes a duty incumbent upon all, to sympathize in their sorrows, and seek to lighten the heavy load of anxiety under which they labour. Hundreds are perishing around them by sickness,

and the want of the necessaries of life, and believing, as they do, that “there is none other name under heaven by which they can be saved, but only the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,” what a painful augmentation of their trials must it be, to see hundreds perishing in ignorance of the way of salvation, and of the infinite value of that divine Saviour who is “the way, the truth, and the life !”

During our stay in Ireland, all our Sundays were spent in Dublin ; with the exception of one at Glin, where the Protestant congregation was composed of the knight, his family, his sons’ tutor, the friends staying at the castle, and his household, with a *very* small number of poor people. I have thought that a few brief recollections of one or two of the preachers whom we heard in Dublin, may not be uninteresting to the reader ; I shall, therefore, give a slight sketch of one, as the most descriptive amongst the many we heard, of that fervour and eloquence for which the Irish clergy are so celebrated.

It was on Sunday, the 9th of May, that in our way to the church, the service of which we proposed attending, we looked in at St.

Thomas's, merely to take a view of the interior of the building. The sexton, however, entreated us to enter ; and another person, observing that we were strangers, added his entreaties, giving us to understand that we should hear "a splendid preacher." The church was crowded to excess, so that it was with some difficulty that I was pioneered up the centre aisle. In a large square pew I found an inch or two of sitting room ; but F. and E. were obliged to stand in the aisle, which was filled from one end to the other with charity children, who interested me much by the eagerness they displayed to put half-pennies, or farthings, into the plates as they were carried by ; for the sermon was a charity one, in behalf of the schools. In a less sacred place, we could have smiled at the intense anxiety of a gentleman standing near E., in the aisle ; who, after the preacher had gone on for three-quarters of an hour without any reference to the cause for which he was to plead, exclaimed in a loud agitated whisper, "God bless me ! the gentleman has forgotten altogether the charity which he is to advocate ; he ought to be reminded of it."

The preacher was the Rev. N——s A——g, at that time curate of Monastereven. He had a strong Hibernian accent, and his voice was sufficiently powerful to have been heard without the walls, accompanied with such incessant and forcible action that the very reading desk beneath the pulpit seemed to vibrate. He preached without notes, or book of any kind ; and, certainly, such extraordinary pulpit eloquence of its kind I had never heard, or am very likely to hear again. His doctrine was strong and decided—his utterance rapid—his expressions vehement and forcible—his illustrations numerous and original, and calculated to place every portion of the subject in the clearest point of view. In addition to this, his flights of imagination were crowded so quickly one upon another, that the idea of carrying home in my memory anything like a distinct outline of the sermon was given up by me, long before we were half through it. He raised our first parent Adam from his slumbers in the grave, and hurried him through the varied scenes of life, that he might mark the fatal and destructive effects of sin—its deadly nature—and the

ruinous force of evil example. “Many people talked of having done no harm to others ; that by neglecting religion they only injured themselves, &c. This was as if a man with a contagious fever made his escape from a hospital, and rushed into the midst of an assembled multitude. The cold air might be injurious to himself, but what would be the effect on others ?” Here he described the rapid spreading of contagion. Also, the ruin and destruction, desolating whole streets or towns, by means of the man whose house was on fire, but who affirmed, that no one would be injured by the flames but himself in the loss of his house and furniture. All this was described in language that I could not attempt to imitate, for the strongest would seem weak. He applied this part of the subject, first to the minister of the gospel, representing him as looking into the abodes of hell and witnessing the misery of souls that had been entrusted to his care, and hearing their bitter reproaches, because he had kept from them that gospel which had been entrusted to him, &c.

In the same manner, he represented the

agony of the parent under similar circumstances, beholding those children whom he had failed to bring up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, &c. And so on with regard to the other connexions of life, public and private. Could any one think little then of the force of example on society at large? No! be assured that every man is as a *sign post* to heaven, or to hell!

But I have not yet mentioned his text : Proverbs xx. 6. "Most men will proclaim every one his own goodness : but a faithful man, who shall find?" He dwelt, first, strongly on the general depravity and corruption of human nature, describing several characters, such as the open profligate, the self-righteous Pharisee, the mere professor of religion. There was much in this world that looked amiable and interesting. There was the mother opening all the sensibilities of her nature over the children of her love. There was the father, actuated by the same feelings, making sacrifices of ease, comfort, and self-indulgence for their sakes. There was the soldier in the field of battle, braving death and danger in defence of his king and

country. There was the patriot, nobly bending all the energies of his mind for the welfare of his native land. Yet, all this might be done without any reference to the glory of God—without any principle of constraining love to Christ, without which, all our works are worthless in the sight of God. Here he brought down the angels from heaven, and accompanied them in an imaginary tour through our world. “Where would they love to rest? Not in the field of battle, where, &c. . . . Not in the senate-house, where, &c. . . . but,” and then he commenced vivid descriptions of the scenes where they would fold their heavenly wings.

Under the second head of his discourse, “A faithful man who can find?” he seemed scarcely to leave a heart unsearched. Had they been faithful to *time*, to their religious vows, to their convictions? in the possession of rank, talents, and money? The dangers of avarice! *The road to hell was paved with money!* Had they been faithful to their consciences in rallying themselves, and those with whom they were connected around the banner of the cross? Would that all who

were not thus faithful would read and pray over the promises and threatenings of the Gospel now, lest they read their condemnation hereafter by the light of a blazing and expiring world !

In these unconnected recollections, I have not half exhausted the matter of his sermon. Unconnected they necessarily are, as in such a crowded position I could not have taken notes, had I been in the habit of doing so ; and, therefore, I could only draw this sketch from memory, after I had retired to my own room at night. I perceive I have now left out one striking part, where he dwelt on the exceeding sinfulness of sin as discovered more particularly in the crucifixion of Christ. It is not in the expulsion of Adam from Paradise ; it is not in the overwhelming waters of the deluge, &c., &c.,—that we see fully what sin is. No. It is on Mount Calvary, at the foot of the cross, that we learn its dreadful character in the sight of God. About five minutes, at the conclusion of this powerful sermon, were devoted to the charity for which he was to plead. But before that, he brought his hearers to a pretty close examination as

to the services of the day in which they had been engaged ; the correspondence of their feelings with the expressions of their lips ; and still more, the correspondence of their *lives*.

My brother was very anxious that we should hear another very celebrated preacher, the Rev. Mr. P., for which purpose he took us, the evening of the same day, to a large chapel in Plunkett-street ; for though I believe Mr. P. maintained the doctrines of the Church of England, and generally sided with it, he entertained scruples respecting some of her services, and in consequence would not accept of preferment in our Church, or retain a living which was in his own gift ; a circumstance to be much regretted, as he was a man of deep piety and talent. On arriving at the chapel, I obtained a seat with great difficulty ; E. & F. standing near me, or sitting on the floor. Mr. P.'s deep-toned devotional and harmonious voice was first heard in the repetition of a hymn, which was afterwards sung by the whole united congregation. Then followed a very beautiful extempore prayer, fervent, yet sober, bearing upon its

every expression, the tone of our own liturgy. He then read the chapter in the Bible, from which his text was taken ; “He that believeth is justified from all things, from which he could not be justified by the law of Moses.”

The recollections which I afterwards noted down of this sermon, are not sufficiently connected and clear to be introduced here. His train of argument, and doctrinal views, were too evangelical and deep to be done justice to by a few detached sentences and cursory remarks. What I felt to be wanting in his sermon was personal and practical application.

Nothing could be greater than the contrast between the two extempore preachers whom we heard on that day. Mr. A.’s language, attitudes, and utterance, all rapid, forcible, and energetic. He dealt much in the thunders and lightnings of heaven’s omnipotence ; carrying his hearers in imagination through all parts of the universe, amid the ruin of dissolving worlds ; and bringing forward angels, men, and devils, as actors in the mighty scene. In Mr. P., on the contrary, there was the deepest solemnity of voice and man-

ner, both unaffected and elegant ; every word being selected with taste and judgment ; and the connexion closely kept up, with no repetition, or wandering from the main subject of the discourse.

On the following Sunday, we heard Dr. S., in the morning, at the College Chapel. His sermon from Matt. xxvii. 42, contained enough of theological argument on the evidence of Christ's divinity to suit an University congregation. He concluded with an earnest and affectionate exhortation to the younger members to examine the Bible for themselves ; and above all, to enter on the study of it in the spirit of prayer for the teaching of the Holy Spirit ; and to be zealous and conscientious in the performance of every duty, since Jesus Christ had said, “ Whosoever shall *do* my will, shall know the doctrine, whether it be of God.”

We attended St. Mary's Church, in the afternoon, to hear Mr. W., another very popular preacher. He was however unable to officiate that day on account of illness ; but Mr. B. delivered a delightful sermon on Moses making the bitter waters sweet. His

voice and delivery were not good ; but his whole heart seemed in the subject ; and in the “land of saints,” and images, it was refreshing to hear *only* of Him, who is “exalted to give repentance, and remission of sins.”

On another occasion we visited the old cathedral of St. Patrick. The anthem was exquisitely sung ; and we were not sorry to fall in there with another specimen of faithful preaching from a Mr. S. He took his text from the second Psalm, “Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.” 1st. The *nature* of the believer’s trust in God ; 2d. the blessedness of those who rightly experience it. His weak, but deeply interesting voice, could scarcely have been heard far off, but we were well repaid for the exertion of very close attention.

I believe we visited every Church in Dublin ; but these are the only notices of sermons that I find recorded in my journal. May Erin’s pastors still be strengthened to follow closely in the footsteps of their Divine Master ; their faithfulness, and devotedness, bearing daily evidence to their heavenly mission. Undeterred by reproach and opposition, may

they be strengthened to know nothing in the course of their ministry but Jesus Christ, and him crucified ; and thus with burning zeal, and unwearied love for immortal souls, do the work of evangelists. May liberal hearts, and willing hands, still be stretched forth from Great Britain to aid them in their self-denying course ; so that being supplied with more abundant means, they may be enabled to dispense nourishment for the immortal soul, hand in hand, with food for the perishing body ; thus imitating the “Great Shepherd of the Sheep,” of whose tender solicitude for His purchased people, the Bible prophetically speaks ; “I will feed the flock of slaughter, even you, O poor of the flock.”—(Zech. xi. 7.)

CHAPTER VIII.

VISIT TO THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY.

" And say unto those that have left thee forsaken—
Return, oh return to your lone mother's arms !
Other lands in their sons can a fondness awaken ;
Shall Erin alone for her race have no charms ?

" Oh ! blush as ye wonder, that it ere should be taunted,
That strangers have felt what mine own could not feel ;
That when Britons stood forth in my trial undaunted,
My children shrunk back unconcern'd in my weal."

ANONYMOUS.

As our limited time in Ireland obliged us to make our long journeys to the particular localities that we wished to visit, uninterruptedly, and with moderate expedition, and as I am anxious, in this little volume, to mention with *brevity*, all those circumstances and details which would fail in interest to the general reader, I will merely mention that we again left Dublin at five o'clock on the

morning of the 3d of June. Even at that early hour, kind acquaintances, whom we had little expected to see, had taken the trouble to rise in order to see us off, and bid us farewell with true Irish heartiness ; and on our arrival at Drogheda, we found a friend of my brother's waiting at the inn door to greet us in compliance with his wishes ; and to give us a few hints respecting our further travels in Scotland. Drogheda possesses a degree of historical interest not surpassed, and scarcely equalled by any in the kingdom ; blended as it is with the ancient, ecclesiastical, and military history of Ireland. Here the sovereignty of the kingdom was surrendered to king Richard II. by four Irish kings doing homage and fealty in the church of St. Mary Magdalene, in the year 1395. "These kings," says Sir James Ware, in his Antiquities of Ireland, "were after the ceremony committed to the care of Henry Carlile, an Englishman, who, understanding the Irish language, was commanded to instruct them in the English customs, particularly in that of receiving the order of knighthood, who so wrought on them, that he prevailed on them to accept it,

although they alleged that they had received it from their fathers at the age of seven years."

Drogheda was also the residence of all the Archbishops of Armagh, from the days of St Patrick till the close of the eighteenth century. Here many of the English Viceroys kept their courts, and held parliaments ; and here was passed the famous law which made the Irish Parliament entirely dependent on that of England.

Pursuing our journey, we passed through Bellinham, Dundalk, a sea-port on a bay of the same name, and Newry, where we dined. It is, I believe, the largest town in the county of Down, and has an extensive linen manufactory. There is also one at Lisburn, a very neat and prettily situated town, where we arrived after passing through Banbridge, Dromore, the see of a bishop, and Hillsborough, noted only for a manufacture of muslins.

At that time, we were much struck with the contrast between the north and south of Ireland. In the former, the country appeared to be well cultivated, even to the tops of the hills, though the soil itself is much less capable

of cultivation ; while, in the south, the productions of the earth seemed to luxuriate spontaneously. Towards the north, we saw little of that richly wooded scenery ; but the rather dreary succession of hill and dale was well covered with crops of grain, and grass. Alas ! how different probably at this moment is the aspect of what then appeared comparatively thriving and prosperous ! “The shouting for thy summer fruits, and for thy harvest, is fallen ; and gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field.” (Isaiah xvi. 9, 10.)

We observed, also, a great difference in the inhabitants of the north of Ireland. Though the lower classes were, as in other parts, without shoes and stockings, yet, otherwise, they were respectably dressed. Here, again, the difference between the past and present presents itself, not unaccompanied by a prayer that the “blessing of those who are ready to perish” may be permitted to return a hundred, fold on the heads of those who are using the most strenuous exertions to obtain clothing as well as food to supply the fearful destitution now prevailing through the length and breadth of the land. The difference, we were

told, arose in a great measure from the establishment of manufactories, chiefly of linen, in the north ; by which employment was found for so many, and a stimulus given to exertion.

I forgot to mention, that soon after leaving Dundalk, we travelled through a wild and beautiful ravine, in which is situated Ravensdale, the seat of Lord Charlemont. The wind blew almost a hurricane, and waisted dismally through this mountain pass, so as apparently at times to impede the progress of the horses. We passed the night at Belfast, and walked a little about it the following morning. The Linen Hall is in the centre of Donegal-square ; and a little beyond it we saw an Academical Institution for educating Presbyterian ministers ; opposite to which was a very handsome Presbyterian chapel, at that time recently built. The Belfast Museum was the first ever erected in Ireland by voluntary subscriptions. On the occasion of laying the first stone of this edifice, a bottle was deposited in it, containing, besides the usual coins, and an impression of the corporation seal, the following four verses from Job xii. written in fifteen different languages.

“ Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee ; and the fowls of the air, and they shall teach thee :

“ Or speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee : and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee.

“ *Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?*

“ *In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind?*”

I have copied these verses, because to my own mind they are at the present season striking and admonitory. Buried beneath the soil of that afflicted country, they seem to bid us turn from second causes, to him who hath appointed these severe national judgments, and to whose merciful hand we must alone look for the removal of them.

We left Belfast at one o'clock, the road continuing for a little distance very heavily along the shingly beach of the Lough of Belfast. Half a mile from the town of Antrim, the capital of the county, stands one of the round tower pillars, ninety-five feet in height, and which is divided into three stories. It stands at the extremity of Lough

Neagh ; the waters of which we saw from a high part of the road most violently agitated ; for the wind still continued boisterous. The waves were breaking upon the shore with all the fury of a tempestuous sea. After passing through Randalstown, Ballymena, and Ballymoney, we arrived at Coleraine, and took up our abode for the night at Miss Henry's hotel.

At six, the following morning, we set off to Bushmills, wishing to have a long day before us. The grandeur and boldness of the scenery along the Antrim coast, as it occasionally bursts on the view, is very striking. It was particularly so, on the day when we passed, for the sea was rolling mountains high, and foaming against the precipitous cliffs, bold promontories, and magnificent headlands. There were also beautiful bays, and sheltered harbours ; whilst the country on the other side was diversified with cultivated spots and barren mountains, mud cabins and snug cottages, but certainly nothing in this excursion, was so much to my taste, or made such a lasting impression on my memory as the ruined castle of Dunluce. We left the

carriage, and crossed a heathy field or two in order to reach it. There is little of architectural beauty in these ruins ; but nothing can be more striking than the situation which they occupy. The mouldering walls appear to form a part of a bold insulated rock, against the frowning perpendicular sides of which the waves, on the day we visited it, were raging with resistless fury. It is separated from the main land by a precipitous chasm, twenty feet wide, and a hundred deep ; and the only way by which it can be entered is a narrow wall, one of the supporters of the ancient drawbridge, self-supported by its own hard cemented material, and about *eighteen inches* broad. We waited for a calm moment, when the wind was a little lulled, and quickly stepping over this romantic, and, perhaps, rather insecure bridge, stood on that wild spot, awful in its utter loneliness and desolation. We looked through every opening on the boiling gulf below ; and gazed into the yawning chasm through which the walls and battlements had given way, and which is supposed to have been the castle kitchen. A legend connected with it, is given by an Irish

tourist ; the subject of which is, that on some great occasion, when all the grandes of the north were assembled to dine with the Lady Margaret M'Donnell, who kept the castle for her young son, an awful crack and roll of the tempest were heard, “and without a moment’s notice, kitchen and cook, dresser and table, all the meat, and all the maids in the place, went down awfully into the howling ocean, and nothing remained but a poor tinker who sat in the window mending the kettles and pans, and which is called the tinker’s window to this day.” The narrator goes on to relate a fact, of the truth of which we can have no doubt ; “the grandes tucked up their skirts and got on firm land, as fast as possible, lest they should follow the poor cook ; and so the Lady Margaret moved off with all haste and fixed herself at Glenarm ; and after a time the roofs fell in, and the place has remained a ruin ever since.”

After having explored every part of the time-worn edifice, we descended by a goat’s track to a fine cavern which perforates the rock beneath the castle. The ground was loose, and the descent toilsome, but a grander

spectacle could not have met the eye. The tide was dashing full in through the opposite arch of the cave. The waves broke in with a peculiarly solemn and thundering sound ; and though I knew we stood secure, yet as each huge wave rose, yawned, as if about to disclose all the secrets of the depths of the sea, and then burst in volumes of foam, I held my breath with a thrilling feeling of awe. The actual sound died away as we travelled on ; but it haunted me for months ; the grand and vivid impression remains present with me still.

We breakfasted at Bushmills, where the people of the little inn were exceedingly attentive and obliging ; which, indeed, was a general remark we made throughout Ireland. After this refreshment, accompanied by a guide, we drove on for a mile and a-half, by a wretched road, to a cottage, where we alighted, and prepared for our walk to the Giant's Causeway. The day was dry and fine, and the boisterousness of the wind added greatly to the impressiveness of the sea-view, but did not promise well for our contemplated passage to Glasgow.

The gale blew occasionally with such violence, that at the desire of the guides, in some places, we lay down on the cliffs till the gusts had passed over: the sea, to the verge of the horizon, was white with foam.

We were not disappointed, as many visitors profess to be, with the scenery of the Giant's Causeway. It seems almost unnecessary to describe that curious construction of the coast, and savage grandeur with which every one, by personal inspection, or by the descriptions given in books, feels so well acquainted: but I will endeavour to give a very brief sketch of it.

The two great Capes of Bengore and Fair-head stand at the distance of seven or eight miles from each other. They are formed of rows of pillars, placed one upon another, composed of a black-looking stone, called basalt. The whole line of coast between these headlands is formed in the same manner, but the part called Pleaskin Promontory, with its storied pillars, various coloured stratifications, and generally graceful combinations and beautiful form, is the most perfect. There the pillars stand straight, sixty feet

high, like a grand colonnade ; then succeeds a solid mass of rock, under which stands a second row of pillars, forty or fifty feet in height, the whole straight height being 170 feet ; but beyond that, the rock slopes down to the sea 200 feet more. We were told that the columns appear more perfect in proportion as they lie lower. On this promontory we sat down for a considerable time to rest, while our two guides (the most gallant and polite guides that ever the world produced) undertook to instruct us, but *me* in particular (for no doubt they concluded women needed it most) in all the wonders of that part of the country.

“ Now observe, my Lady,” the chief speaker continued, “ the columns with four sides are called quadrangular ; those with five, pentagons, &c. ; and, as I will show you presently, we have only *one* with three sides, and that is called triangular ! And now, my Lady, if you’ll just come down here,—Allow me to assist you. Surely, I never saw a lady climb so well ! Now just rest your hand on my shoulder ; don’t fear ;—I stand as firm as a rock ; and the rock

should give way sooner than I'd fail you, my Lady!" Then, turning to the gentlemen, he added, with an encouraging glance towards me, "I'd not be afraid to guide this lady anywhere. Just look back now, Ma'am, and see what a precipice you've come down!" I had not much time for looking back, for the wind was tremendous. It had so far separated the crown from the front of my Tuscan bonnet, that it was obliged to be secured under my chin with E.'s silk handkerchief, which removed all further troubles about my head. As for the rest of my apparel, it might have blown over to Scotland, had not my friend the guide put his arm round me, and lifted me down a perpendicular rock, where we gained more shelter whilst cautiously descending the cliff by a zigzag path. When we were safely arrived at the bottom, our attention was directed to a line of five or six women, with large burdens of sea-weed on their backs, walking, with apparent ease and firmness, up an almost perpendicular part of the cliff. At times they were obliged to use their hands and knees, as they seemed almost hanging in

mid air. They were without shoes and stockings, and daily habit had made their feet familiar with an ascent, where no stranger could have ventured with safety.

Having sat down for a minute in the Giant's Armchair, we continued picking our way through fragments of rock close under the cliff, in order to observe the columnar formation more closely, during which time I listened to another edifying discourse from the guide on the nature of volcanic eruptions, &c., &c., and on the peculiar shaped prominences on some rocks, which he called onion-stones ; and they were certainly well named, the different rounded coats appearing one within another, as may be observed in a large onion. But this is anticipating our route. After having walked a considerable distance along the shingly shore, we reached the part which is more properly termed the Giant's Causeway. It looks like a mole stretching from the base of a lofty headland, some hundred feet into the sea. There was a pavement of pillars set close together, like a huge solid honeycomb. We walked as far as we could upon it ; but the sea would not

allow us to reach its extremity. Even as it was we were nearly drenched with the spray. The breadth of this causeway is about thirty feet. The columns connected with the causeway have been traced to a great distance from the shore ; and as the opposite coast of Scotland, the Island of Staffa, bears the same character, it is supposed that a similar formation is continued the whole way.

Our last undertaking was to visit a cavern. A much grander one can only be approached by sea, and no boat could venture near it on such a day. We climbed over some rocks to gain an entrance into the one through which we groped our way. "Now, my Lady," said my excellent friend, the guide, "if you'll just leap down, I'll take care you shan't fall." "But are you sure," I asked, "that there is solid ground below ?—for it looks very dark." However, I jumped down ; and a figure soon appeared with a torch in one hand and a gun in the other. We were right glad of the light afforded by the former, but we dispensed with the effect to be produced by the latter. The tide for which we had waited, had now retired, and left behind a great quantity of large sea-

weed, with which the sloping cavern was completely carpeted. Thanks to the guide's firm support, I kept some degree of footing ; but E., and Mr. W., a fellow-traveller, also in search of the picturesque, with whom we formed a passing acquaintance at Cole-raine, were slipping in all directions, and were much more frequently to be seen on their knees or backs, than on their feet. At length, with infinite labour, we arrived at the upper end of the cave, having been strictly forbidden by the guide to look behind us, till we gained a particular spot. "And now, my Lady, hold firm by this rock, and turn round !" We all did so, at the same moment ; and a truly magnificent spectacle presented itself. The steep and gloomy cavern was terminated a long way off, by a lofty and finely formed natural arch, through which a stream of light burst in with the angry waves, making the surrounding darkness more strikingly visible ; while the roar of waves reverberated awfully through the vaulted cave. Farther out at sea, dark rocks of fanciful shapes were towering high above the foaming spray, while at more distant in-

tervals, portions of the bright blue sky occasionally appeared mingling with the agitated element beneath.

What undoubting faith we exercise in the common concerns of life, in all our arrangements made with reference to returning day and night, or to the alternate seasons of the year ! a description of faith, which in the Infidel, and it is to be feared, in many a professed Christian, looks no higher than to the *laws of nature*, without regard to nature's *God*. We stood in the farthest extremity of that gloomy cavern, and gazed with an untroubled eye, on those boiling and gigantic waves ; one of which, would have been sufficient to sweep us into the abyss of ocean. Whence then arose the absence of all feeling of insecurity ? Simply because the tide had receded, and the Word of God had declared, “Fear ye not me ? saith the Lord, who hath placed the sand for the bound of the sea, by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it ; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail ; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it.”* He com-

* Jer. v. 22.

manded, and the perpetual decree stands fast.

Leaving the cavern, we returned to the cottage in order to procure some boxes of mineralogical specimens ; and from thence to Bushmills, where dinner had been provided for us. We then removed with our luggage to a small cottage where passengers generally awaited the arrival of the packet. A handsome young woman, without shoes or stockings, was cooking potatoes in an immense cauldron over the fire ; whilst two or three particularly pretty children were playing about. She seemed greatly distressed, that the little parlour was already occupied by two gentlemen, who were dining on broiled salmon and potatoes. They proved to be Irish officers of the Eighty-sixth, who were waiting like ourselves, for the arrival of the Glasgow packet. In less than a quarter of an hour, they came out, and invited us into the *state apartment*, politely apologizing for having been the means of excluding us from it so long. They were very gentlemanly men, with much conversational talent, which they exerted in an agreeable and rational manner,

but my head ached dreadfully, after so long a day's exposure to the rough wind and weather ; and nothing more comfortable presented itself in this little cabin apartment, than a few small, and *very upright-backed* wooden chairs ; so that after conversing with our new acquaintances for a short time, we gladly went out to vary the scene ; but on the lonely and desolate shore, with our feet sinking deeply into the sand at every step, there was nothing sufficiently attractive to beguile the excessive sense of fatigue and weariness that oppressed me ; so we sought the sheltered side of a vast rock, from which the tide had receded, and which offered a sort of large arm-chair recess, as if hollowed out for the purpose by artificial means. There with my aching head resting on my kind brother's shoulder, I slept, notwithstanding the howling of the wind ; and no rest that I had ever enjoyed before, seemed so grateful, no slumbers so sweet, as on that occasion ! and never did the prophet's figurative description of the preciousness of Christ's salvation to the believer, come more vividly home to my heart, “ And a man shall be as a hiding-

place from the tempest, as *the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*"

About five o'clock, the shrill voices of four or five women proclaimed that the steamer was in sight. Away we all ran to an elevated point on the shore, the baggage being hastily caught up by the different individuals present, for no time was to be lost. But in vain were our signals made, and efforts used to shew how many passengers wished to go on board ; the prognostications of the boatmen were verified, that the vessel would be afraid to venture near so dangerous a coast in such a gale ; and with desponding countenances, we saw her bear away towards Scotland, at about six miles distance from the land. I speak of momentary regret, because the hours of waiting had been so tedious ; but we had much greater reason to be thankful for the disappointment ; as even the sailors coolly expressed their doubts whether a boat could have reached the vessel in safety.

What was to be done ? There was no house anywhere near at which we could pass the night ; and there was no certainty that a

carriage could be procured nearer than Coleraine. However, a messenger was despatched to Bushmills ; and after a long vexatious delay, the rattling of wheels sounded like sweet music in our ears, and we all returned in a car to Miss Henry's hotel, at Coleraine. The kind landlady expressed great joy at seeing us again, and I must acknowledge that the pleasure was mutual, as we anticipated the quiet refreshment of a night's repose under her comfortable roof, instead of being tossed through the hours of darkness on a stormy sea.

CHAPTER IX.

“On Lough Neagh’s banks, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve’s declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the waves beneath him shining.”

MOORE’S IRISH MELODIES.

THE morning beamed upon us in tranquil loveliness. No traces remained in the atmosphere of the storm of the preceding day ; and soon after breakfast we were again in motion. Near Antrim we turned out of the direct road, in order to drive through Lord O’Neill’s park, which extends along one end of the shore of Lough Neagh. The lake is about twenty miles long, and fifteen broad ; and is said to cover an area of about 98,000 acres, its circumference being above eighty miles. It lies in the centre of the province of Ulster, being bounded by five counties, and is about thirty feet above the level of

the sea. It wore a totally different appearance to what it had done the day before, when we gazed from a distant eminence over its wide expanse, for its glassy, unruffled surface reflected every passing shadow. The ruins of Shane's Castle stand on its north-east shore. This edifice had been for centuries the residence of the noble family of O'Neill ; but was accidentally destroyed by fire in 1816, which consumed an extensive library, and many valuable paintings. The vaults, yet entire, extend to the very verge of the lake ; and a few turrets are still standing. A number of cannons were mounted on the fort ; and it does not appear that in former days these were placed there for mere show, as in "Stuart's Armagh," p. 374, there is an account of a sharp naval battle, fought on the lake, in which many of the Irish were killed and taken prisoners.

The family of O'Neill sprang from Belus, a Gothic king of the Orkneys. They came into Ireland in the latter part of the ninth century, and became powerful chiefs of Ulster, and determined opposers of the invaders of the country. It was at the latter

part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth that the celebrated Shane O'Neill flourished, whose singular prowess and deeds of arms, or those of one of his descendants are celebrated in a ditty which commences thus :—

“ In the historic pages of Erin’s green isle,
How bright shines the name of old Phelim the brave,
Who lived where the groves of Shane’s castle now smile,
And Neagh’s crystal waters the green meadows lave.”

There was an air of solitary grandeur in the scene, as we walked on the lonely shore, seeking for the pebbles and petrifactions, for which its waters are celebrated. The silence of death seemed to reign over the vast lake ; and the half demolished towers contrasted strangely with the verdant lawns and bright plantations by which they were partially enclosed. It was a sort of scene that seemed to impart its own pensive sadness to the mind. No wonder then, that, like every other singular spot in Ireland, it should have its full share of legendary lore. For instance, one astonishing account of the formation of the lake is, that the Irish giant, Fin M’Coul, took a handful of earth and flung it into the

sea. The handful was of such a size, that where it fell, it formed the Isle of Man, and the hollow caused by its removal formed the basin of the present Lough Neagh ! Another, equally marvellous, attributes it to the negligence of a woman, who having neglected the injunction to close the wicket-gate of a well which had been endowed with miraculous properties by some now forgotten saint, the indignant waters immediately sprang from their bed ; the terrified woman fled, but the waters followed close upon her heels, and when she sank down exhausted, closed for ever around her, and formed the present lough, the length of which is just the distance she ran !

Continuing our journey, we were often amused with the humours of the Irish in the towns through which we passed, for it was market-day, and a joyous spirit seemed to pervade all ranks. Oh, how different is the face of that country now ! for her “young children faint for hunger in the top of every street ;”* and “all her people sigh, they seek bread, they have given their pleasant

* Lam. ii. 19.

things for meat.”* “The young children ask bread, and no man giveth it unto them.” “The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music.”† “Their visage is blacker than a coal ; they are not known in the streets : their skin cleaveth to their bones ; it is withered, it is become like a stick.”‡

It is a beautiful observation of Archbishop Leighton’s, that we “see in a jeweller’s shop, pearls, and diamonds, and other precious stones ; and files, and cutting instruments, and many sharp tools for their polishing ; and while they are in the workhouse they are continual neighbours to them, and often come under them. The Church is *God’s* jewellery—his workhouse, where his jewels are polishing for his palace and house ; and those he especially esteems, and means to make most resplendent, he hath oftenest his tools upon.”

Often have his sharpest tools been at work upon our Sister island. Instead of judging and condemning the sins of that unhappy land, let us hope that brighter days of

* Lam. i. 11; iv. 4. † Lam. v. 14. ‡ Lam. iv. 8.

spiritual light and discernment are in store for it, and that God is preparing therein spiritual stones to be built up in his glorious temple ; vessels of gold meet for the Master's use ; pillars on which to inscribe his own glorious perfections ; a land destined to be made “willing in the day of his power,” and to repay her present debt to England's sisterly sympathy and aid, by provoking her to godly jealousy by her future Christian zeal and devotedness to Him who has smitten her.

We reached Belfast at midnight. The hotel was locked up, and the waiter seemed to think refreshment quite unnecessary for travellers arriving at such an unseasonable hour. Major C., however, expostulated with him in a calm, good-tempered manner ; and placed the emergencies of the case in such a ludicrous light that his obduracy was mollified, and he promised to call up one of the maids to light a fire. Everything was soon prepared for a comfortable repast, and we sat down to tea, triumphing in our victory.

During breakfast the following morning, another friend of F.'s, from Dublin, was

introduced into our apartment. He came “with hospitable thoughts intent,” and to aid us as strangers with his counsel; but our hours in Erin were numbered: and as he stayed with us to the last moment on board the steamer, we took our leave of him with regret, for he seemed like a last memento of the kindness and attention which we had so invariably experienced since our first arrival in Dublin.

It was with a pensive sort of feeling that we stept on board the splendid Fingal, a beautifully fitted up steam-vessel: a very different sort of affair, no doubt, to the ship in which the mighty Fingal pursued his foes over the dark blue wave, when “the daughters of Morven came forth and looked towards green Erin for the white sails of the king.” As we towed a large American vessel out of the Lough, our progress at first was slow, so that we paced up and down the deck, with thoughts somewhat allied to sadness, and watched the green coast gradually fading from our view. These dull thoughts were somewhat dissipated with the morning light, when, on ascending the deck, we found

ourselves majestically sailing up the beauteous Clyde, its waters sparkling beneath the glorious beams of the rising sun, and bathing the soft green shores ; while, in the distance, rose the majestic mountains, with Ben Lomond just peeping behind them, the whole scene peopling at once the excited imagination with Scottish heroes of renown, chivalric knights, and poetic visions.

But I must stop. My simple narrative of Erin's attractive loveliness, contrasted with her present weight of woe, must here close. One of her own poets has said, that—

“ Darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.”

So may Ireland experience that her night of darkness is but to make more visible the nearer manifestations of God's love and grace. Perhaps, like Mary at the sepulchre, her eyes are blinded by sorrow, so that she sees not who it is that stands by to watch the refining process. England, with tender and liberal sympathy, has helped to bear her burthen, and to impart to her of her abundance. And let the pleading heart and voice accom-

pany the stretched out, bountiful hand : plead for thy Sister isle at the throne of grace :— “ And when thou standest before His gate, knock loudly and boldly as one who belongs to the house ; and if the door is not immediately opened, take the staff of the promises and make a noise with it at His palace-gate. Say, ‘ Thou hast said, Cast all thy care upon me, and I will sustain thee.’ The whole treasury of heaven stands open to you in Christ Jesus.”

THE END.

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